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## AGRICULTURE.

### FARM TOOLS.

Farmers cannot be too attentive to procure the right kind of tools to work with. The plough is the most important, and the modern plough is drawn with less than half the team that was required twenty-five years ago. Yet we have not brought the plough to perfection.

It ought to be so constructed that it need not weigh more than two thirds as much as our modern ploughs. By placing the coulter farther forward, and attaching it to the *point* of the plough-share we may less stress on the beam, and we may spare nearly half the timber that is now dragged around the field.

The fore end of the beam too is made twice as large as it need be to make room for a clavis and bolt, to be varied according to the taste or the squint of the particular man who is to hold it. This is only quiddling with the most important instrument on the farm. Make one plough right.—See that it runs to land enough, but not too much—see that your chain hook draws so as to keep both sides of the plough going—see that you can hold the plough with but little effort to keep it upright—and you need not worry about the infinite importance of a "centre draft" that has puzzled so many heads, and disappointed so many ploughmen.

Make one plough that will run straight, and then copy this pattern for all ploughs of the same size. We never had any difficulty about making the plough draw and gee when it was made by a workman, though there was but one point in the beam where the chain could be hooked—a swan's neck that was made as fast as a coulter. This neck to draw by was not made in Gothic style, so full of pickets and points as to endanger the legs of the ox on coming about. It was smooth as a common staple, and it did not require the end of the plough beam, for one yoke of oxen, to be more than two inches in diameter.

Let us not deceive ourselves in regard to improved machinery. All that we have gained in the construction of the plough, in the last forty years, consists in the substitution of a smooth plate for the furrow to rise in lieu of a wooden mould-board with straps of rough iron to cover it.

The smooth plate lets the plough run as much easier as an iron spade runs into sward land easier than a wooden shovel shod with iron. If we have improved the common plough in any other respect we are ignorant of the improvement. We go with half the team that we took in old times, tho' our ploughs are twice as heavy as the old wooden ploughs.

#### MANURE FORKS AND HAY FORKS.

By the introduction of the spring tines we have made great improvement in these tools. Forks have grown lighter under this improvement, and not half so much metal is required in their construction. Yet this is not the all-important consideration.—Large tines are not only heavy, but they are exceedingly unwilling to be driven into the material that is to be removed. The modern spring tines are so small that a fork enters a heap of manure with but little effort on the part of the holder; and the muck glides off again as readily as it comes on.

With a modern fork a man will fill a cart with coarse manure with one half the effort that was necessary with a clumsy thing of former days. Laborers all agree in this (do they load up in half the time?)

Forks are now made with six, and with eight tines. We have this season been using one with six tines, bought of our neighbors, Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, and we are much pleased with it. This is the favorite fork with our men, though we have two forks made of the same material with four tines each. The six tine fork gathers up the fine manure better; and yet it enters so easily into the coarse manure that it answers well for both.

#### SPADES AND SHOVELS.

Cast-steel spades and shovels are now common. These are excellent tools. We can remember when our shovels were made of wood; and when farmers who were able put iron shoes on them to keep the edge from battering so fast. A wooden shovel, shod with iron, would penetrate the turf about as well as a wooden iron bar.

Farmers are much indebted to Mr. —— Partridge, of Sherburne, Middlesex county, for making and introducing the spring tine forks, for moving both manure and hay. These tools are lighter by one half than the common iron forks—and as our laborers become more effeminate and weaker than in the last age, this improvement seems absolutely necessary to the success of the farmer.

#### HARROWS AND ROLLERS.

Have we improved the patterns and the forms of these instruments in modern times? The triangular, or crotche harrow, is a favorite with many farmers; not because it works better on old grounds than the square harrow, but because anybody can make one, without square or compass, and because no other form has been tried by them.

In our new settlements, where the fields are full of stumps and stones, a tri-cornered harrow may answer a good purpose. It is tended and raised over the opposing fixtures with more ease than a square harrow. But in plain fields the square form is much to be preferred. Attach the team to one corner of the square harrow and all the teeth will do their part. But in the triangular form the team keeps the front teeth from performing properly—the most important teeth are raised too much from the ground, and the harrow jogs along on the extreme end of the wings.

In the process of burying grain we find it important to lap the harrow over a part of the ground already harrowed. With a square harrow you can lap on one third, or one half, and give the whole field an equal scratching; but with a crotch harrow you can do no such thing, because the side teeth do the principal part of the work. If you lap on one half the width of the harrow you move some of the earth twice as much as you do the remainder. In old ground the teeth need not be large or long. The surface only is to be moved, for we wish to let the under part of the furrows lie as light as possible. Short teeth expose the beams that hold them less than long teeth; and harrows for old ground ought to be as light as may be consistent with strength.

*The roller* has not been used so long here as to be considered an essential instrument in farming; though in Europe the roller is not a very late invention. Rollers are useful to compress the surface and keep the earth moist for seeds to vegetate in. They crush the hard lumps that the harrow leaves, or they compress them into the earth where they become moist and porous for the admission of the fibrous roots.

The roller is useful also to sink the small stones on the surface out of the way of the scythe. It is often laborious to clear these off by hand; and in cold soils these stones are beneficial to the growing crop. Stones draw heat and moisture, and they should not all be removed when they can be kept out of the way.

In regard to *form* there is some difference of opinion. Logs, 18 inches in diameter and ten feet long, were the first that were used here. But logs are too low to be easily drawn; and long rollers are not easily turned at the corners of the field. Some farmers have expended 50 dollars in procuring plank rollers four feet in diameter and 8 feet long, with a break, or joint in the middle to aid in turning.

But a joint is not needed where the roller is but four or five feet in length, and there is no need of making one longer than this. As to height we recommend two and a half feet. If the height, or diameter, is four feet, the roller is not likely to crush the lumps so well, as it lies on too broad a surface.—Two and a half feet in diameter forms a wheel that can be rolled easy enough, and yet the roller will not cover so much earth at once as to lie too light upon it.

A horse roller four and a half feet long, and two and a half feet in diameter, may be afforded for six dollars. The planks that are spiked on to the wheels ought to be secured in their place by iron bands over the spikes, or large nails. The tire of an old broken down wagon—half-worn out—will answer the purpose well to keep the planks in place. We find on actual trial for years past that such a roller is better than one that costs fifty dollars.

☞ Moses Newell, Esq., in his Address, delivered at Lynn, says;—"I have made some experiments with salt, lime, and plaster. For the three last years I have used about a table spoonful of salt in the hills of corn and potatoes. I first used it to guard the seed from injury by the dung-worm. It kept off the worm to some extent, but not wholly—but I became confident it benefitted the crop. I tried it this year on a small piece in larger quantities say a gill to a hill; the effect on the corn was it did not vegetate. The potato withstood it."

"I would not venture to say that salt will in any degree prevent the potato rot, without farther experiments. But I can say that last year at digging time, not a rotten potato was found where I used salt; and but few were affected with dry rot during the winter. The kinds were Long Reds, Chenango, a blue potato, seed from Madawaska, and Lady Fingers. And not an unsound potato has been found in digging for family use this season.

### OPERATION OF PLASTER IN AGRICULTURE.

That plaster is highly beneficial on certain soils is not to be denied. It has been used too long to leave the least doubt of its fertilizing effects. Yet the mode of its operation seems more mysterious than that of common materials used for such purposes.

All the operations of nature are in some sense mysterious; and no one can explain why the manure from stables has such an effect in husbandry. We see the wondrous change that is made in all fields by the use of the excrements of animals. We have become accustomed to the uniformity of their operation. But the why and the wherefore are not so easily explained.

Accident at first gave light enough to lead attentive farmers to notice the value of the most common manures. The out-door observer was a more early discoverer than the closeted theorist, and it is to the practical man that we still look for farther information on the subject of fertilizing our soils.

Plaster is known to operate wonderfully on some soils, while on others it produces no sensible effect. In consequence of this many an experimenter has given up plaster after a single trial on one of his fields.

In a recent conversation with a townsman, Capt. A. Hemmenway, he said he had been using plaster on his corn-fields, which have a sandy loam for a soil. He put it on the hills. In the middle of his field he omitted four rows and gave them nothing more than they found in the manure that was spread over the whole.

These four rows were quite diminutive and did not yield nearly as much as his rows usually do where no plaster is used on any part of the field. So far was it from aiding the four rows that run in the middle of those which were plastered, that he thought it was quite injurious to them.

He suspects that the plaster on the adjoining rows must have attracted to their own use more than their share of the ammonia or other salts that float in the air, and thus appropriated to themselves what would otherwise have been shared in common with all the rows of the field.

If the chief operation of plaster consists in its attraction of rich material from the air, the suspicion of Capt. Hemmenway seems well founded.

A farmer may therefore possibly injure his neighbor by making his own field too attractive for the well being of the adjoining farm. This is not so discouraging as the belief that the effluvia from your own manures passes off to enrich the field of another farmer.

A scripture phrase may here be applied to farmers.

"To him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

### MR. NEWELL'S ADDRESS.

We have received from the hands of the Hon. A. Dodge, the Secretary of the Essex County Agricultural Society, a copy of the Address of Moses Newell, Esq., of West Newbury, to the Society at the late Cattle Show in Lynn.

This Address is highly practical, and will be read with interest by all farmers who are desirous of knowing what our intelligent and active cultivators are doing—particularly what experiments they are trying.

We copy a portion of this Address into the Ploughman, and would like to copy the whole, but we would not hurt the sale of the pamphlet:

Mr. N. says:—

"I am aware that some general rules will apply to all farms and all soils; still a vast amount of labor will be lost, if a particular process of cultivation well adapted to one soil, should be pursued upon another and a different soil; and in my apprehension, from this cause has arisen many of the strong prejudices to book-farming. An individual sees in some periodical or journal, a certain course recommended to obtain a superior crop of some article. He follows out the prescriptions, but without inquiring whether his soil is of a similar texture to the one which gave the largest product. From some cause his experiment proves a failure, and without sufficient investigation into the cause of the failure, he undertakes to attribute his disappointment to book or scientific farming; when, in fact, it might be for the want of knowledge necessary to adapt the crop to the soil. Here, perhaps, I ought to make an apology for intimating that the lord of the soil can possibly be ignorant of its composition and capabilities. But on this point, allow me to say, I think I speak from personal experience. For aught I know, I have had the ordinary means, in common with other farmers, to inquire and ascertain by experiment and otherwise, the properties which compose soils, the crops to which they are best adapted, and the various kinds of manure best suited to the several kinds of soil; and I am free to say, that I yearly lose both labor and manure, (two important items upon a farm) for the want of means I do not possess, of becoming acquainted with the science of agriculture, with chemical analysis. By these phrases I mean simply the power to determine the qualities of soils, and what ingredients are necessary to be incorporated with the several varieties, to render them highly productive. I say highly productive, because I am confident that at the present price of labor, small crops will run the farmer in debt.

I know nothing of theoretical chemistry, and I should not venture to explain a principle philosophically; still I would be the last to despise or undervalue others. I consider them the foundation on which farming must stand, when applied with industry and economy. What is philosophy, but knowledge so explained that it can be practically applied? What is theoretical chemistry, but known principles, worked out and put on paper, so that the practical farmer can work out those principles in the soil? It is settled that chemistry can be applied practically, and with a good degree of certainty; and I am confident that the farmer must take advantage of the researches made in it, or an intimation will be true that I lately saw in an agricultural journal,—that the man who has more land than he can cultivate with his own individual labor, will grow poor; though I should be loath to be compelled to admit that this position is true as a general thing, for a course of years. It may be that the extra demand for labor on public works, and for manufacturing purposes, has for some time past crowded up the price of labor, above what the grower of grain crops could well afford to pay. But the profits which have drawn labor into those channels, will be limited in their duration, if all interests are equally cared for. And before the farmer rises up in opposition to any investment which he may conceive to be more profitable than his own, let him first inquire, have the same energy, the same skill, and the same untiring perseverance, been exerted in my pursuit, as have been in perfecting machinery, in preventing loss in labor, and employing the occupants upon that portion of labor to which they were best adapted?

I believe every man who has been through our factories and work-shops, will be constrained to acknowledge, if the same system of allotment of labor could be judiciously assigned upon the farm as is there, nearly double the amount of labor would be accomplished. I admit that there is more difficulty in setting off exclusive portions of work to individuals on the farm, than in manufacturing establishments, especially if our farms are to be so cut up that every man is to do his own labor. But for this small-farm theory I have no sympathy. I am aware that in making the assertion, I go counter to the general sentiment of the day. Still, allow me to say, in ord r that farming may be brought to its highest perfection, I believe it must be under a policy of liberal expenditures, by men wholly devoted to the profession; and of a natural enterprise, that would not rest satisfied with overseeing the amount of labor they could accomplish with their own hands;—and I therefore think that the advocates for small farms, so far as their influence extends, (and I consider it somewhat general,) have a tendency to deter our young men of enterprise from engaging in the cultivation of the land, thereby depriving the farming community of the aid of the best energy and the most promising enterprise; a portion of which, I feel we absolutely need and are justly entitled to.

When the time comes that the current of public opinion shall change on this subject, and men of wealth shall enter upon farming with the same energy they have engaged in manufactures they will devise means whereby it will become a living business and a large business; and instead of being pointed to a small farmer with forty acres, showing that he can maintain himself, you will be pointed to a large farmer with his one thousand acres, and showing conclusively that he can so arrange his labor that he can support himself and give a fair dividend upon his whole investment.

Upon new lands, little need be done to obtain a crop, but to burn to ashes the forests that have been accumulating for ages, and to sow the seed. But where the remedies have been neglected, a long series of cropping has exhausted its early fertility, and it will not recover but by the application of manures to restore what the crops or evaporation have drawn away. How can this be most effectually accomplished? How so well as by a knowledge of the materials which compose the surface soil, and also by a knowledge of the substance in which the soil is deficient, in order that the proper remedies may be applied? Far be it from me to ask the farmer to commit to memory a dictionary of hard names; but I do consider it necessary to his improving his land, and obtaining with any good degree of certainty abundant crops, that he should be familiar with certain fixed principles that alone can secure them. If a learned and scientific man could be engaged to visit every section of the county or commonwealth, go on every description of land and analyze the soil, and explain the effects of manure on the several varieties, and also the effect of one kind of soil when mixed with another; and by relating experiments, show what is the most perfect composition, it would fix some standard for improvement, and the crops and the different manures would be put upon the right spot. Should a competent individual be appointed to this task, the farmers themselves, as I believe, would reap a benefit that would enable them to pay him a salary, equal to any in the Commonwealth.

But until the farmers themselves feel that they need instruction on this subject, we must move on by a slower process to the attainment of knowledge, and by accident or otherwise establish a theory that will command itself to general practice.

For the purpose of producing thought and inquiry, I will venture to give you some crude ideas on *soils* and *manures*, on *crops* and *animals*.

I believe soils, to be made the most productive, should be perfectly pulverized by some process. Hand-spading or trenching is probably the most perfect process; still it may be doubted, whether at the present price of labor it will meet the cost on any extended scale. To such perfection has the plough been brought, it will, if sufficiently and properly used, accomplish this desirable object to a good degree, with the use of the harrow and roller;—an article not any too common, when we consider its use is to crush the lumps of earth brought up by the harrow, to press down the sods and small stones on the surface, and to leave a slight crust to prevent the escape of moisture until the crops in some measure do it themselves.

I do not believe that soils generally, are improved by spreading upon them substances of like quality of which they are composed. It is not so much the quantity applied to the soil, that changes and improves it, as it is the quality, being one in which it was before deficient. If this is so, then all manures, mixed with earth, for top-dressing or ploughing in, should be composed in reference to the soils to which they are to be applied. All our sandy soils and some loamy ones, would, in my estimation, be gradually improved by a generous mixture of clay; the stiffer the clay the less quantity will produce the desired effect. Our frosts will readily crumble it down, and it will enable the silicious soils so retain manure and moisture for the use of plants, and make it a desirable soil for the growing of all green crops.

The experiments of sub-soiling which have come to my knowledge, have not enabled me to form any definite opinion of its effects. In Mr. Colman's last Report of European Agriculture, he gives the result of certain experiments in sub-soiling upon a stiff clay soil. One distinguished farmer says, "Until there is an escape for the water through the sub-soil, any opening of it but provides a greater space for holding water, and will rather tend to injure than improve the soil." Other good cultivators complain of its being ineffectual 'from the soil being too adhesive and heavy, and soon running together.' Another says, 'he expected from the complete breaking up of the sub-soil, that the parts would have remained distinct for years, but such was not the case. They had all run together, and were as compact as when first moved by the plough.' It seems that the English agriculturists agree, that on an adhesive soil, sub-soiling is not recommended until after a thorough draining, but that all shallow soils of the lighter kinds will be improved by it.

Although I place great reliance in the experiments in English agriculture, and the difference in the climate and soil, should not be overlooked. One great object in all their cultivation is to drain off excessive moisture. Ours on high lands, particularly, should be to guard against excessive drought. One of their cultivators says, 'sub-soiling provides a greater space for holding water.' That may be just what we want.

I have used a sub-soil plough for two years: I thought last year the land sub-soiled and in corn, stood the drought better than that not sub-soiled. On the grain crop this year, I could perceive no difference. I have sub-soiled for a crop of corn for fodder, last year, and planted it with potatoes this. I have also sub-soiled about six acres of moist stiff land from which no crop has been taken. Further experiments, I trust, will be made, and I should like to know the effect of a shallow-surface furrow upon a deep sub-soiled furrow. It has occurred to me, that the principal benefit to be derived from sub-soiling, will be in keeping the surface mellow and porous, thereby enabling the sub-soil to retain moisture to be imparted to the surface soil, as the exigencies of the plants may require; and if this should prove to be so, whether a more shallow-surface ploughing would not furnish the crop with vegetable mould equal to its want. If this is settled, then the surface may be made richer. The same manure incorporated with four inches of mould, that now is with six or seven, would make a material difference with the crops.—Judge Buel, on his land near Albany, found four-inch-ploughing deep enough to give the best crop he could obtain from those lands. I speak with certainty on this point; I have succeeded best with deep-ploughing, but I know of no reason why the sub-soil plough should not obviate the necessity of a deep-surface-ploughing, if a rich mould will perfect the plant better than a deeper one less rich; and provided also, that the loss, if any, by evaporation, is equal in both cases.

In this may be involved the question, whether atmospheric air is taken up by the soil and communicated to the plant through the medium of the roots, or whether the leaves alone are the medium of deriving nourishment from the air.—These questions may be immaterial to the farmer, as it regards his crop, but may not be as regards cultivation.

One thing seems settled, that a soil rich by nature or art, is more productive than a poor one; showing pretty clearly that nourishment is drawn from the earth, by the roots, or the leaves catch it, as it escapes in the form of gas. A mellow soil may be favorable to either supposition; by the one, the grasses may the more readily escape, and by the other, the roots more readily feed it out. Whichever of these propositions you may undertake to define, it seems to me a portion at least of the manure, when practicable, should be put under the soil. For if the whole of vegetation depends upon the leaves feeding on evaporation, if the whole of the manure is left on the surface, it must soon be expended; and suppose evaporation is no agent to give off support to the leaves, then before the rains or the absorbing power of the soil draws down the manure, the plant will suffer. What but a thorough knowledge on the subject, can determine when and how the manure should be applied? To collect, preserve and apply manures, is one of the grand means to ensure successful cultivation."

### MANAGEMENT OF HONEY-BEES.

The ground around and under the hives should be kept free from weeds and grass. A hard smooth surface is best, as many a weary bee, on returning home, fails in reaching the alighting board, and falls to the ground; in which case, should the ground be encumbered with long grass and weeds, they might become entangled, and thus fall a prey to the hosts of spiders that infest such places. Nor is it any better for the safety of the bees, to have the ground in a loose mellow condition, as in the case when the hoe is carelessly used in cutting up weeds. In this state of the soil, such bees as fall to the ground, soon become covered with dust, and are unable to to rise. The best way to kill the grass and weeds, is to saturate the ground in the spring with boiling hot brine, which will effectually put a stop to vegetation. This being done, lay a strip of board along in front of your hives, as a rising point for bees that return home heavily laden and fall around the hives, which often does occur, and if you will take the trouble to watch them, you will perceive that they often fail to get upon the wing, until they ascend some small eminence, from which they take a start and regain the hive. This may be considered a small matter by many, yet our success in every branch of business consists in our attention to the minutiæ of our object, which in the end shows forth a triumphant result. Suppose by our neglect of cleaning around our hives, we lose the small number of *ten* bees per day, the result would be as follows:—from the first of April to the first of November, we have 214 days, and a loss of 2,140 bees!—It is by such means that so many fail in their success with bees, and eventually "run out," as it is termed.

There is another consideration which merits our attention. Whoever has had a prosperous colony of bees, must have often seen large clusters of bees hanging in inverted cones from the bottom-boards; and perhaps he has frequently seen them fall to the ground by their own gravitation, or the force of the wind. It is particularly necessary on this account that the grass and weeds around the hives should be extirpated. Whenever I perceive any of my hives liable to such a result, I crop a few handfuls of grass and spread it directly under the hives, and whenever the clusters fall, they are protected from the dirt, and the bees adhere together (if at night or during a storm) till the sun call them forth.

In the months of May and June hundreds of bees are seen running upon the ground in a disabled condition, endeavoring to rise upon the wing, but without success. This always takes place during the height of the breeding season. For several years I attributed it to the fighting of different stocks. I could see the bees engaged in deadly strife, as I supposed, but I have since found that what appeared to me to be a combat between bees of different hives, was only the turning out of doors of such *imperfect* bees, as had been brought into existence in their respective hives. This fact was shown by the removal of a hive, for the purpose of producing an artificial swarm. I found the same quantity of disabled bees around the hive so removed, in a few hours after its removal, showing that they had no connexion with any other hive.

*The Enemies of Bees.* The moth, or universal enemy of the bee, is the only enemy that we need fear in this country. The wasp and the king-bird sometimes make havoc among them, but every enemy sinks into insignificance when compared with the *wax-moth*. Its first appearance is in May or June. It is of a grey or whitish color, similar to the millers that flit around the blaze of a candle, though not so large. It remains inactive during the day, but as soon as twilight sets in, it sallies forth from its hiding places, and seeks out the weakest stock or swarms of bees for its operations. Having gained an entrance it winds its way up the side of the hive that is the least protected, and having gained the summit, or a secure location, some distance from the bottom of the hive, it there deposits its eggs upon the surface of the comb, which in a few days are hatched out, by the internal heat generated by the bees, and become white worms or caterpillars. They at once commence weaving around themselves a white silken substance as a protection against the bees. They then commence cutting away the combs and building galleries for their own use, from which they put forth their heads for food in every direction. Their heads are covered by a helmet impenetrable to the sting of a bee. When the bees perceive these insects thus at work, they commence cementing them in, and and confining them to their original location, and consigning them to starvation, which is easily done, if there are but few of them, but in cases of weak stocks, with constant lodgments of the moth, they are soon undermined, and giving up in despair they either leave the hive, or dwindle away in inactivity. The symptoms of the depredations of the moth may be known by the falling of particles of comb upon the bottom-board of the hive, of a brown color. By hanging the bottom board of the hives on wires, one can see at once whether his bees are in danger from the moth. The best time to look is in the morning, and if you find a considerable covering of particles of comb, such as the gnawing of worms would be likely to make, and you find this for several mornings in succession, you may expect the destroyer is at work. When the bees become active and the winds arise during the day, this comb-dust is generally blown away, hence early in the morning is the time to examine, unless the stock is so far undermined as to give evident signs of it at any time. Another sure sign is in the *inactivity* of the bees. As soon as the moth gets the upper hand, the bees discontinue all operations. Many of them will leave, and join neighboring hives, but a few will remain faithful to the last, and die at their posts.

Every apiarian should be vigilant in looking to his hives in season, that he may at least save the honey if not the bees, of his mothy hives. If taken in hand in season, he may, perhaps save his bees, by driving them into a new hive; but if the season is far advanced, the bees would have no time to build new combs, and lay up a new store of honey for winter, consequently, he may save the honey and disperse among his remaining stock, for there are but few bees generally, under such circumstances, and those few are but little inclined to defend their habitation, consequently the combs can easily be cut out by being properly protected by a bee-dress. But the great object is not to know how to manage *after* the moth has destroyed the stock, but how to *prevent* such a result; and to this end I shall now confine myself.—Perhaps there is no part of the management of bees, upon which there has been such a diversity of opinion and action, as upon a *prevention of the moth*.—Some have deposited a little *salt* under the corners of the hives. Others have recommended catching them in basins of *sweetened vinegar*. Others again, have trumpeted forth grand discoveries in the formation of hives, that prevent the entering of the moth, and more recently some one pretends that a lining of *zinc* will frighten them away, or if they should deposit their eggs within the hive, by placing the hive near the ground they would not hatch out! This is all moonshine. I give the moth every possible facility to enter my hives. I open *every* side to its ingress, with 48 inches of opening to every hive, yet they enter not. My hives are surrounded by scores of them in an evening, yet they stand impregnable. Not all the ingenuity of man can ever invent, or prescribe a remedy against the moth, aside from the *ability of the bees to defend themselves*. Here lies the grand secret! A certain management of the bees whereby they are enabled constantly by the force of physical ability and numbers to even prevent the entrance of the moth. This is the *sine qua non*—the grand desideratum that the world has been so long in search of, the philosophy of which I will give in my next.

T. B. MINER.

Ravenswood, L. I. Oct. 1846.

[Am. Agriculturist.

### AMERICAN WINE.

Among the valuable contributions to the late Fair of the American Institute, were fine samples of wine from Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, and a few from other sections of the Union. These specimens were superior to any before sent for exibition, showing a decided improvement in this branch of husbandry. Two samples of *pure* wine from Ohio were made from the Catawba grape, and possessed a good body and an excellent flavor, nearly resembling, but much surpassing the dry imported Hock. Another from a native grape, had a fine body, and a peculiar flavor, which use would undoubtedly soon render a favorite. A specimen of pure sweet, or lady's wine, with a small quantity of sugar added to the *must*, possessed a richness and delicacy of flavor similar to the Malmsey, but more delicious, having the tastes of a rich, fresh grape.—Two other samples, one from a native grape of Alabama, and another from our own State, showed a body and flavor which gives every promise that the subject needs only to be carefully studied and pursued, to reach a point in production when we can soon dispense with the importation of all foreign wine, excepting some peculiar varieties.

American enterprise has not fully considered the peculiar circumstances of soil, manuring, cultivation, &c., which affect the quality of wine. One side of a hill will frequently yield an article totally different in quality from an opposite side, and the character varies with almost every field where the grape is produced. Generally, the best wine is made from grapes raised without manures, or such as are peculiarly mild in their character, and impart no flavor to the fruit. One of the best vineyards of France was seriously deteriorated for years by a dressing with fresh animal or putrescent manures. Some of the most delicate wines are made from grapes manured only from the trimming of their own vines. The great difficulty generally with American wine is the deficiency of body and richness in the fruit, which renders it necessary to add sugar when this deficiency exists. This is always done even with the best wines abroad, when a cold or wet season impairs the accustomed richness of the fruit. We believe our fruits may be much improved, especially for the purpose of wine, by planting seeds from the best foreign varieties.—Out of numerous specimens thus obtained, some would doubtless be found combining great richness and sufficient hardiness to endure our climate. The same care used in the cultivation of the vine, we may be led to expect will result in equal success with the cultivation of the peach and other fruits, which are natives of hot climates but of which continued careful and scientific propagation has succeeded in producing the choicest kinds in profusion, and hardy enough for our severe climate.

Choice kinds of beverage are also made from other fruits. The pear yields *perry*, from which the most delicious champagne is made, with the addition of a little sugar. The red and white currant yields a good wine when properly treated with the addition of a little sugar. The quince when grafted, with water and sugar added, undergoes a fermentation, which, if arrested at the proper period by a small addition of brandy, yields an excellent wine. The best cider, with the addition of bruised or cut raisins, will undergo a fermentation, and if properly treated, subsequently yields a wine of excellent flavor and quality. The introduction of some or all of these may be made for our own use with great advantage; and they are certainly far more desirable than the drugged, pernicious stuff which is too often, we may almost say generally, imported for the use of the sick. [Ibid.

### LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

The Introductory lecture of Professor Mitchell on Friday evening, was deeply interesting and was listened to by a large and profoundly attentive audience. He commenced by alluding to some remarks made by him at the close of his annual report on Tuesday evening, on the interesting astronomical phenomena and important discoveries of the past year—the anomalous appearance presented by Biela's Comet on its late return—the discovery of the new asteroid, Astrea—of the great Central Sun by Maedler, and lastly, of a theoretic planet beyond the region of Uranus. This last was made by Le Verrier, a French mathematician and astronomer, and although the planet had never been seen, its existence was as clearly proved, as any problem in mathematics. Le Verrier even went so far as to assign its exact place in the heavens, and ventured the assertion, that if instruments of sufficient power were applied, it would be seen. Little did I then think that the prediction of this accomplished astronomer, would so soon be verified. I have the satisfaction of announcing this evening, that this hypothetical planet was actually seen by Dr. Gade at Berlin, on the 23d of September last. Intelligence of this discovery was brought from Europe by the last steamer, and last evening these eyes drank in the light reflected from an object more than three thousand millions of miles distant from our earth.

This wonderful discovery may be considered the proudest achievement of mathematical science. Now what does all this mean—and how have such stupendous results been attained? Has some one mind, gifted with god-like energy and power, grappled with this subject, and mastered the laws which govern the Universe? By no means. From the plains of Chaldea, where the starry heavens were gazed at with wondering awe, down to our *glorious* day, has this work of discovery been going on. Step by step has the human mind advanced until it has, as it were, grasped the Universe and holds it in his power! Copernicus paved the way for a Galileo; Galileo for a Newton; and Newton for a Le Verrier. Instead of the subject announced for this evening's lecture, he should devote the hour to an explanation of this important discovery, and the means by which it had been attained.

It is known to all, that matter is governed by two laws—the law of motion and the law of gravitation. With a knowledge of this fact, let us suppose a globe of the size of our Earth, suspended in space. Now let this body receive an impulse, and it will commence moving off in a right line, its velocity of course depending on the amount of impulse communicated. In this way, it would move on to all eternity—its progress only being arrested by the limits of space. Again, suppose another impulse is communicated to this body, at right angles to the first, and tending to draw it downward, as it were, from the right line before described. The motion would still continue, but the direction of the body would be changed, from a right line to a curvilinear path, between the two forces acting upon it. These two, called the centripital and centrifugal forces, constitute the great motive power of the Universe; and a knowledge of this wonderful law, discovered by Newton, may be said to be the foundation on which the superstructure of modern astronomical science has been reared. Having progressed thus far, let us now imagine ourselves at the centre of the solar system—the sun. We will suppose the system to consist of two objects only; the sun and the earth which we inhabit. It is evident that such a knowledge of the sun's mass, and its consequent attractive power, we can compute with accuracy the orbit which the earth will describe in passing round the sun; and if it were possible for us to hang immense golden rings around this path, the earth would pass through them successively, without a hair's breadth variation, from century to century and from age to age.

But a difficulty arising—a small body is seen moving about the earth, in an orbit analagous to that of the earth around the sun. Now, if these bodies are so constituted, that while the sun should attract the earth, it should exert no such influence on its attending moon, and while the earth attracted is satelite, the secondary should not attract its primary, all would yet go on harmoniously, and the earth would continue to pass through the rings as before. But to suppose this to be the case, is to suppose the greatest of inconsistencies. The Creator of the universe is a Unity, and the laws which govern it, are alike immutable and unchanging. If to the moon already mentioned we add the interior planets, and those which lie beyond the orbit of our earth, and their attendant satelites, and the millions of comets sweeping through the system in every direction, and governed by the same law of mutual attraction, I would ask, how can order, symmetry and beauty be brought out of this tangled mass of confusion? The mind of man has accomplished it! The only remaining discordant note has been attuned by the hand of LE VERRIER, and the voice of Nature is now a voice of melody.

Professor M. then went on to speak of the rapid advances which had been made in the department of mathematical science during the past few years. The subject, he well knew, was a dry one to a popular audience, and generally deemed barren of poetry or interest.

But to the lover of science it was far otherwise. Would, said he, that I could take you down into those deep caverns, and show you the rich gems that glitter in profusion there. But this is in the nature of things impossible, and you can only learn their existence by their occasional flashing results. Go with me, now, to the study of Le Verrier, and see him patiently working out this vast problem. He finds by examination, that the motion of Uranus as ascertained by actual observations, during a period of more than sixty years, differs from this hypothetical motion to such a degree, as can be accounted for only in two ways. Either the law of gravitation, which it has been supposed applied to all the heavenly bodies, is suspended at the confines of our system, and another takes its place, or, what is more probable, *the discrepances were caused by the disturbing influence of an undiscovered planet beyond the orbits of Uranus*. When I tell you that the variation of Uranus from his hypothetical orbit, was less than one-third the diameter of Jupiter, you can have some conception of the delicate nature of this calculation. From such data, Le Verrier not only demonstrates the existence of the new planet, but estimates its mass and tells where it is located. He then throws up his slate and pencil, and calls upon his *servant*, the astronomer, to direct his tube to a certain point in the heavens, and he will see the object. Could triumph be more complete?

I need not tell you with what impatience I yesterday awaited the going down of the sun. Never, before, did I find it so difficult to beguile the hours. At length the sun did go down, and I rolled the roof from the room of the observatory. At this moment company came in, and I was thankful for it. A search at such an hour would have been fruitless, and could only have fatigued the eye; but delay I could not. A few minutes past six o'clock, I directed the Great Equatorial to that part of the heavens where the planet was situated, and stationing myself at the finder, with my assistant at the large instrument, we commenced our search. The first and second stars passed into the field of the instrument were critically examined, but neither of them answered the description given. As soon as the third one appeared in the field, my assistant exclaimed "there it is,"—and, sure enough, there it was, bright and beautiful, with a disc clear and well defined. I immediately commenced micrometrical measurements upon it, with a view to ascertain its size and distance. This I hope soon to accomplish.

Professor M. concluded his lecture by expressing his regret, that while so much was expected of him by the fruits of astronomical science, he was able to accomplish so little, for want of the auxiliary instruments. He could not even tell the time of day within twenty minutes. The whole cost of the instruments needed would not exceed two thousand dollars, and we had already raised nearly thirty thousand. He sometimes felt like the gambler, whose passion for gaming was so strong, that, after having staked and lost all his money he staked and lost his clothes—then his services for a time, and lastly *himself*. I feel, said Prof. M. that I could almost stake myself, for the two thousand dollars, with which to buy these instruments.

[Cincinnati (Ohio) Atlas.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. The Albany Argus, as its tables of receipts of flour and grain, gives in the increase this year, since the opening of navigation, over the receipts of last year to the same time, an amount equal to 829,068 barrels of flour.

## MECHANIC ARTS.

### AEROLITES.

Dr. Wall's theory of the formation of these fearful missiles, which was read before the Society of Arts, appears to us to possess strong features of probability. "They are known," he remarked, "to consist of an alloy of iron, with some traces of other metals, and are generally invested with a vitreous glaze of earthy matter; features which evidently denote a volcanic origin. It is but natural to suppose that fires, such as those we have in the centre of the earth, reduce the ores with which they come in contact into a metallic liquid state, and thus afford the supply of magnetic power to the atmosphere, to which they ascend through the vent afforded them by volcanoes. Hence, no doubt, the vast electro-magnetic concentration always found to exist in the vicinity of volcanic mountains. It is well known to those conversant with the operations of a foundry, and who are familiar with the properties of heat, that portions of the most ponderous metals, when in combination with other matter of a more volatile nature, are eliminated and dissipated like steam. While, therefore, fusion is progressing in these vast subterranean furnaces, iron, in alloy within carbon, sulphur, and the semi-metals, is carried off in minute particles, and, finding egress through the crater, is borne aloft simultaneously with the free carbon, issuing in the form of smoke.—Notwithstanding the extremely minute division which has taken place, the nature of the affinities of these metallic atoms remains unaltered, and they will infallibly coalesce on the first occasion which offers for a reunion. So long as the atmosphere continues in one uniform settled state, no change can take place; but once the electric fluid which still pervades them, and holds them in the extended but continuous bond, becomes disturbed, whether from excitation or alteration in the equilibrium of the positive and negative conditions, the power which has kept them asunder is then overcome, and the atoms rush again into union. The phenomena indicative, or at least coincident, with such an occurrence, are strikingly observable. Clouds of great magnitude, and of a dark and lowering aspect, stretch athwart the heavens in irregular but determined course towards the rendezvous where these operations are about to commence. In these masses of clouds considerable friction or attraction takes place, from the force of the winds and other causes. While they are thus preparing for the assault, a strong commotion is perceptible, which is nothing more than an adjustment of power, producing, in the act of obtaining a due balance, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll; the metallic particles are thrown into agitation, their affinities are excited, and they once more rush together. Thus united they form a body outweighing the specific gravity of the atmosphere, and are consequently borne to the earth in the form so well known as thunderbolts; the carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, as well as other alloys, combining to accelerate and augment the ignition of the fiery ball in its falling course. This course, though doubt less modified by accidental circumstances, has been generally remarked as bearing on an angle of forty-five, along a meridian from north to south. These aerolites often travel to a great distance, and fall in parts where there are no appearances of storm, or the least change in the atmosphere. [Patent Journal.

Paint applied to the exterior of buildings late in autumn or in winter, will endure twice as long as when applied early in summer or in hot weather. In the former case it dries slowly and becomes very hard like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterwards by weather, or worn off by the beating of storms.

THE WHORTLEBERRY. The swamp whortleberry is capable of successful introduction into garden culture. A gentleman

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

SATURDAY MORNING NOV. 28, 1846.

William Buckminster, Editor.


## COTTON GUN POWDER.

We were gratified on Saturday last with the receipt of some cotton wool from Dr. Hollis, of Union street, which explodes like gunpowder. The Doctor has succeeded perfectly in preparing cotton wool for explosion, and he surprised us by showing how readily the cotton would ignite on the application of a stove poker that was not heated to redness.

Others in this city have failed to impregnate cotton wool to make it explode—but there seems to be no difficulty in it *when you have once learned how it is done.*

The materials that are added to the *cotton* are saltpetre and sulphur—precisely the same that are added to *charcoal* in the manufacture of gunpowder. The saltpetre, or nitre, and the sulphur, are used in a liquid state; that is, nitric acid and sulphuric acid are mixed together, in due proportion, and the cotton wool is impregnated with the compound. We notice that some have mixed these acids in equal proportions. But Dr. Hollis takes one ounce of nitric acid to two ounces of sulphuric acid.

We here give a copy of his recipe for making cotton powder, which any chemist may test at his leisure:—

Take 1 oz. by weight of pure Nitric Acid, 2 oz. by weight of concentrated Sulphuric Acid, mix them together in a glass vessel, say a tumbler, into this put Cotton that is not dirty, let it be immersed in the acid five or ten minutes, then remove it into another glass or earthen vessel and wash it thoroughly with rain water, changing the water until no acid taste remains—then press out the water with the hands and dry it carefully.—The Cotton can be kept in the water for safe keeping and dried as you may require it for use.

Dr. Hollis has no doubt that this powder—or rather this impregnated cotton, would send a ball from a gun with sufficient power. But he thinks it would be dangerous using it in blasting rocks or in fire arms on account of its exploding so readily with a low temperature.

Dr. H. keeps the cotton that he has prepared *under water;* and he has only to squeeze and dry it to prepare it for use. He thinks it may be kept for any length of time in this way—that you cannot wash it so much as to injure its power.

On touching a poker to a very small lock in our own hand, it flashed much like common gunpowder—but it left not the least stain on the skin. A mity small lock will warm the hand more than one would suppose.

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Thanksgiving. Our readers must not expect now the sweet holiday is past, a long and sleepy account of the modes of keeping it.

We trust that the most sincere THANKS were offered on every altar and in every dwelling place, for the numerous blessings which our country enjoys. We cannot draw comparisons between our own government and that of other people without feeling a deep sense of the favor of Providence in aiding our fathers to search out this comparatively happy land.

We have ills to contend with; but they may be no greater, perhaps, than our nature requires for disciplines and correction.

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American Agriculture. A book with this title has this week been sent to us by R. L. Allen, Esq., of New York, the author of the work. We have not yet had time to give it a thorough examination, but from a cursory review of its contents we judge it will prove a valuable assistant to the inquiring farmer.

It is published by Saxon & Miles in New York, and by Mr. Butler of Buffalo, but we find no agent in Boston named in the book, and no price is stated. It contains 437 pages, 12mo.

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Wrecks in Lake Erie. A great gale was felt on this Lake on the 19th instant. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser gives an account of several vessels bottom upwards. Sixteen bodies have been found that were drowned near Barcelona. It is apprehended that a great number of lives have been lost together with the cargoes that were in their charge.

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☞ It is rumored that the President intends to recommend to Congress a tax on tea and coffee to aid the revenue to carry on the war. We advise Mr. Polk to consider that by such a course he will enlist all the females into the opposition ranks.

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And yet Another. The Governor of the State of Iowa, too, has issued a proclamation for a Thanksgiving to be kept on the 26th instant. This is the sixteenth State which "goes and does likewise"—fifteen of this number have named the same day.

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☞ Capt. Joseph Farwell of Lancaster has sent us some handsome apples that are now fully ripe.—We have no name for them. They are fair, but have not the richness that our best fruits possess.

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☞ Monday the 28th of Dec. has been designated by the Governor as the day of election for members of Congress in the second and fourth Districts.

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☞ Private letters at Mexico state that Santa Anna has ordered the Mexican troops to withdraw from Saltillo towards San Luis Potosi.

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☞ The report of last week that Santa Anna had siezed two millions of specie and meant to keep it to recruit his army, seems not to be confirmed.

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☞ A large number of buildings were destroyed by fire in St. Louis on the 14th instant.

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☞ A fire last Tuesday morning destroyed a turpentine distillery at Wilmington, N. C.

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☞ It has been calculated that New Mexico and California would make *seventy* States as large as New Jersey.

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☞ A large three story wooden building was destroyed by fire, in Dorchester, on Monday last.

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The number of boats lost lately upon the Mississippi, are almost incredible, every arrival acquaints us with numerous disasters, all showing a great loss of property.

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The Charleston Patriot announces, that the "Palmetto Regiment" has been ordered by the Governor of that State to prepare to march to Mexico in obedience to the President's requisition.

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Hon. George E. Badger, whig, has been elected U. S. Senator from North Carolina, in place of Haywood, resigned.

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The Nashville Gazette states that President Polk has purchased the fine residence of the late Judge Grundy in that city.

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A speculator in flour at Philadelphia lost $3,000 in consequence of the false news respecting the English markets sent through by telegraph on the arrival of the Acadia.

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Stealing Newspapers. A news vender named Reed was arrested Wednesday morning by Constable Tallant in the act of stealing a copy of the Boston Courier from the steps of the house of Mr. Charles E. Miller, No. 161 Tremont street. Mr. Miller has been much inconvenienced lately by having his newspapers stolen, and Mr. Tallant was engaged to watch and arrest the thief.

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Bombardment of Tobasco. Very late News. New Orleans papers of the 16th and 17th inst., bring intelligence from the U. States squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, and from Vera Cruz to the 31st ult., received via Havana. It is conjectured that Santa Ana will withdraw the troops garrisoned at Tampico, unite them with his force at San Luis Potosi with those from Saltillo, and then commence operations against the American posts.

Although the new members of the Cabinet are enemies of his, yet it is alleged that they are quite acceptable to him. Ampudia arrived at San Luis Potosi on the 21st ult. Next day the first brigade of his division reached there—so that the rumor of his having marched against Gen. Wool was unfounded. Much enthusiasm prevails in the ranks of the enemy's forces at San Luis, based upon the confident anticipations of victory over our troops, at the great decisive battle for which Santa Ana is avowedly preparing the magnanimous Mexican army with the energy which is peculiar to him.

A *conducta* of specie, having three hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the British steamer, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 31st October. Information had been received at New Orleans that the British steamer Tay, on her last trip from Vera Cruz to Havana, took out three hundred *Letters of Marque*, with naturalization papers conferring the privileges of Mexican citizens upon all who should sail under them. This information comes in authentic form. These Letters of Marque were expressed from Mexico on the evening of the 30th ult., and reached Vera Cruz in time for the Tay to take them to Havana. Letters from Havana also announced the arrival of these Letters of Marque.

One writer is of opinion that the Spanish government will not permit them to be used in the port of Havana; yet, as the naturalization papers offer extraordinary privileges it is probable that some of them may slip out upon commerce despite the vigilence of the authorities.

The Picayune of the 17th, reports the arrival of the schooner Portia, Capt. Powers, six days from Point Lizardo, bringing an officer who was engaged in the attack on Tobasco. He reports that the enterprise was entirely successful. Its object was to cut out certain prizes anchored in the river, and they were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people were for yielding, but the Governor and soldiery opposed it.

Time was then given for all peaceable people, women and children, to get out of harm's way; but the Governor would not allow any one to leave; so it is feared most of those killed in the bombardment, were others than soldiery. Some of the enemy's regulars, however, were killed.

Our squadron consisted of the Mississippi, Commodore Perry; the Vixen, Commodore Sands; Coneto, Lieut. Com. Benham; Reefer, Lieut. Storrett; Nonita, Lieut. Hazard; the revenue steamer McLane, Capt. Howard; the revenue cutter Forward, Capt. Nones, (all small craft,) two hundred seamen and marines from the Raritan and the Cumberland, under the command of Capt Forrest, Lieuts. Cest, Winslow, Walsh, Hunt, Capt. Edson, and Lieut. Adams, of marines.

They left Anton Lizardo, October 16th, and arrived at Frontera the 23d, and captured two steamers, and several small schooners; on the 24th and 25th they ascended the river seventy-two miles to Tobasco, towed by the Petrel and the Vixen. They passed the Devil's Turn at 2 P. M., landed and spiked four 28 pounders.

They arrived off Tobasco at six P. M. and anchored in line ahead, distance one hundred and fifty yards from the shore. The city was summoned to surrender. The Governor refused, when three shots were fired from the Vixen.—An officer came off with a request that we would spare the hospitals, which was granted. Skirmishing immediately ensued. On Sunday no damage was done. We captured one brig, three schooners, and a large sloop in all. At the town and below, there were nine vessels and many boats captured. On Monday the 26th, at daylight, there began a smart fire of musketry from the shore, which was returned by our guns, and continued for some time, at intervals. A flag of truce came off, beseeching us to spare the town. The Commodore assented, because, as he said, he only wished to frighten the soldiery.

The prizes were got under way, and ready for returning. The enemy's white flag was flying all the while. W. A. Parker, the Lieutenant, got ashore with his prize vessel, and was attacked by eighty soldiers, whom he beat off with eighteen men only; losing one and getting two wounded. This action lasted thirty minutes, when Lieut. C. W. Morris was despatched to him with orders, and he, passing the heavy fire of the enemy, was wounded in the neck with a musket ball. He stood up in his boat and cheered the men on gallantly till he fell in the arms of Midshipman Cheever.

The Commodore then commenced cannonading in good earnest from the Vixen, the Bonita, the Nonita, and the Forward; and in three-quarters of an hour, he almost destroyed the city, sparing the houses of the foreign consuls.

At mid-day the fleet left, firing up the streets as they passed them. All the prizes were saved except one, which was grounded and was burned by the Commodore's orders, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The McLane struck on the bar at the mouth of the river, and did not get over to participate in the engagement until it was ended. The Patriota on her return, captured the American brig Plymouth, Capt. Packerson, discharging cotton at Alvarado bar.

Lieut. Morris died on board the Cumberland on the 1st. inst. and was buried with military honors. There is a Mexican force of from 5 to 6,000 men at Alvarado, and they have placed across the mouth of the river three strong chain cables, and sunk vessels on the bar. It is thought to be entirely useless to attempt to take the place again by naval force.

Accounts from Campeachy to the 30th Oct., say the citizens are determined not to acquiesce in the re-annexation Yucatan. A certificate from the U. S. Consul at Campeachy states that all the United States vessels which have arrived at that port, have been permitted to load and unload without molestation. Similar certificates have been received at New Orleans from Consuls at Sisal and Merida.

Gen. Scott it is stated, has received permission to proceed to Mexico to take command of the army that is to attack Tampico. He left Washington on the 24th.

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Bull vs. Steam Engine. An amusing though somewhat serious accident occured to the downward train of cars upon the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, on Tuesday morning last, which considerably injured the engine and cars attached, but fortunately no person was hurt by the concussion. It seems that the cars were progressing at a moderate rate a short distance below Mechanicsville, when they overtook a large bull walking leisurely on the track. The animal, not feeling disposed to "give the ground," continued to move along at his ordinary gait, when the engineer, being impatient of the delay undertook to urge matters to a crisis by quickening the speed of the train. Upon this, the bull "faced about" and encountered the engine at full speed. The concussion was so great that the engine was thrown from the track and plunged into the bank hard by breaking it to pieces and doing much injury to the baggage and passenger cars, and preventing the train from progressing. The animal then walked off, and from a neighboring field surveyed the scene with as much composure as if nothing had happened. [Saratoga Repub.

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A petition, signed by 50 barbers of this city, was presented to the Mayor and aldermen, Monday, praying that some order may be taken to require them to shut up their shops on the Sabbath.

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The majority in the State of New York in favor of the new constitution is 127,457.

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Well Answered. A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly orthodox, went to him and said:—

"Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints."

"Not I, indeed," answered the minister, "it is the perseverance of the sinners that I oppose."

"But that is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God can fall very low, and yet be restored?"

He replied, "I think it be very dangerous to try the experiment."

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Later from Mexico. By an arrival at New York from Havana, we have later intelligence from Mexico. A Havana date of Nov. 6, says:

The English steamer Tay, Captain Sturdee, has arrived from Tampico and Vera Cruz, after a passage of five days, with 102 passenges on board. This is the "grand era" of emigration from Mexico, in consequence of the war with the United States.

Owing to the withdrawal of Sres. Pacheco and Crescencio Rejon, Sres. Jose Maria Lafragua and Joaquin Ladron de Guevara have been appointed Ministers of Foreign Relations and Justice.

The state of San Luis Potosi has pronounced against the presidency of Gen. Salas, and insisted upon Santa Anna's assuming the office in person.

Several private letters, received at the city of Mexico up to October 27th, asserts that Gen. Santa Anna has ordered the troops to withdraw from Saltillo towards San Luis Potosi.

City of Mexico, Oct. 25. "Don Felix Rivas, bearing a commission from the government, has embarked at Vera Cruz for Havana.

Oct. 26. Gen. Salas, in order to guard against the attempt made upon his life, has retired to Tacubaya, where he has taken up his residence at the house of the Senores Flores. The greater part of the troops stationed at the capital accompanied him."

In consequence of the singular condition of affairs at the capital, an express was despatched to Santa Anna, at San Luis Potosi, to acquaint him with the attempts made on Gen. Salas's life, and the resignation of the two ministers.

A letter of Gen. Santa Anna to Gen. Almonte, the Minister of War, dated at San Luis Potosi, October 23d, expresses his regret at the outrages attempted upon Gen. Salas, his joy that the attempts had failed, and his determination to take revenge upon the foreign enemy for the injuries received at their hands.

El Diario del Gobierno, of Mexico, of October 27th, has the following:—"It is said that the American steamers anchored at the Isla Verde have only coal for a few days; that the crews of the squadron are mostly sick with the scurvy, and that the government of the United States have already spent seventy-five million dollars in the war. *To delay is a triumph on our part,* as we have before said; and if we are only fortunate enough to hinder our enemy a little longer by skirmishes and other obstacles, we shall soon see them retire from our country."

The people of Vera Cruz, it is said, have been constantly alarmed by reports of the American squadron moving to attack the castle; and the "National Guard" were pouring into Vera Cruz.

An extraordinary express arrived at Mexico on the 7th of October, announcing that Mexican cavalry under Gen. Romero, one who had not signed the capitulation of Monterey, encountered a body of Americans on the frontier, killing eighty and taking one hundred prisoners, and four pieces of artillery. [This is "extraordinary" news, indeed! We should have heard of it long ago, if true, and not by way of Cuba.]

Mexican letters from Chihuahua speak despondingly of the ability of that state to resist Gen. Wool's forces.

Small vessels were arriving at Havana from Campeachy with goods, there being no blockade of the latter port.

Senor Rivas, who was passenger in the Tay, it is said is to proceed to England on a mission for his government, supposed to have reference to foreign aid in the present crisis. The following letter was despatched from San Luis Potosi to the minister of war:—

Sir,—By the reception of your circular of the 19th inst. I have learned with extreme regret that our foreign enemies, by means of their disguised agents, attempted on the evening of that day, a serious outrage, from which it appears they were endeavoring to dispossess his excellency of the supreme executive power, which circumstance gave rise to a series of alarms, and would have produced the most disastrous consequences, had it not been opportunely discovered at the moment.

I rejoice exceedingly that the tranquility and public confidence remain firmly established in this state, and conforming myself to the wishes of the supreme government, I shall take good care that it is well preserved. I beg leave to assure your excellency, on the part of myself and the troops under my command, that no other thought is given place to here, except a burning desire for revenge against our foreign enemy; to fulfil our obligations to the country, and to repel the suggestions of those who endeavor to distract us from such noble objects. I have the honor to reiterate to your excellency my consideration and high respect.

God and Liberty. Head Quarters, San Luis Potosi, Oct. 23d, 1846.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

Mexico, October 26, 1846.

Mem, Mexico, Oct. 30th. I have again taken advantage of a cessation of hostilities, to return home, and am now speeding on my way as fast as possible. We left Monterey on the 24th October, with a train of fifty wagons, escorted by a detachment of dragoons under Lieut. Campbell. We have in our company a number of wounded officers and men, and others who have been discharged on account of sickness.

Gen. Taylor assured me that he should make no movement farther than to take possession of Saltillo, until he received reinforcements. The volunteers and regular troops had been so reduced by sickness and death, and by discharges, that his forces were too weak for the responsible work before him. The people at Monterey and this side seem more spiteful toward us than ever. From the former place they are constantly moving to San Luis Potosi. I am so confident in the wisdom of our government, that I am sure a new policy will be pursued in the future operations of our army in Mexico. It is useless to *conciliate*—this has been demonstrated. It is useless to expend our means in an enemy's country, for they charge the highest prices, and receive our money with one hand, while they would cut our throats with the other. As to their *disunions*, they do us more harm than good. We must whip them into a family union before we can negotiate with them. They must be compelled to become either Mexicans or Americans, and those who choose to preserve their nationality must do so at once, and organize a government that shall be responsible.

Just before reaching Punta Aguda, we met Capt. Arnold, 2d dragoons, with 125 wagons, 20 or 30 sutler's wagons, a detachment of Georgia troops, and two companies of the 2d infantry, on his way to Monterey. The captain had his hands full, but conducted his long train with admirable skill, having drilled them to manœuvre by the sound of the bugle. He likewise had a detachment of dragoons. At Punta Aguda we halted, took a bath, refreshed the mules, and continued on to Chichironi creek, within one day's march of Mier. A short distance this side of Punta Aguda we met Colonel May, with a detachmentt of dragoons.

Point Isabel, Nov. 4. Major Dashiel is here, waiting impatiently for a conveyance. He informs me that before leaving Monterey, a messenger had arrived, six days from Gen. Wool. That officer was within a short distance of Montelova, with his command, and with fifty days' provisions. It was understood at Monterey, that Gen. Wool had been ordered by Gen. Taylor to send a detachment of his troops to Chihuahua, and then join the army at Monterey. I think you will find I am correct in my opinion, that no important movement will be made by Gen. Taylor, until he receives considerable reinforcements. His own opinion on the subject is certainly pretty good evidence. As to the armistice being overruled by our government, this fact will make little or no difference. I believe Gen. Taylor had hoped and expected it would be so.

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Pennsylvania Volunteers. The Adjutant General of the State has issued the general order of the "Commander-in-chief," for one Infantry regiment of Volunteers, to consist of ten companies, to be reported within ten days after the reception of the order. The first company reported at Harrisburg will be first accepted. The companies are wanted "during the war with Mexico." [United States Gazette.

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A Stampede. The 1500 mules belonging to the United States, that have been for some time about two miles above this city, have made a regular stampede, and breaking through their enclosure, have scattered in every direction up and down the coast, and into the swamp. [New Orleans Bee.

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Further from the Army. Our telegraphic communication from New York, dated on Sunday at 8, P. M., states that news from the seat of war had been received, and that Ampudia had positively returned beyond Saltillo. Gen. Taylor could not move forward until reinforced.—There was much sickness at Camargo, Monterey, &c.

The death of Capt. Ridgely is confirmed.

James L. Hewitt, well known in Boston, is one of the Captains in the New York regiment of volunteers. [Courier.

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Killed and Wounded. The official accounts of the killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Monterey, has at length been received and published by the Government. It appears that the number were, of

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|---|---|
| Killed, | 124. |
| Wounded, | 365. |
| Missing, | 4. |
| Total, | 493. |

The foregoing were from Ohio Volunteers, 55; Tennessee, 107; Mississippi 61; Kentucky, 5; Texas, 31. Total, Volunteers 259. Regular Army, 234.

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Com. Sloat, late of our Pacific squadron, at the restoration of peace in 1812, obtained a furlough and engaged in commerce. He purchased and took command of the clipper Transit, and loaded her for France. It so happned that he was with his schooner at Nantz, at the period when the public life of the great Napoleon was closed forever. In order to rescue the Emperor, several schemes were entertained; and, amongst others, Mr. Sloat arranged to receive him, with his suit, on board the Transit, and transport them to the United States. This plan was frustrated by the indecision that marked the conduct of the friends of the Emperor on this occasion, and which eventuated in the surrender of the fallen hero to the British blockading squadron. [Philad. North American.

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The Object of the War. A writer in a South Carolina paper, candidly admits that the great object to be gained by war with Mexico is the extension of the Southern slave power, and he already rejoices in the anticipated downfall of the North, and the establishment of the Southern supremacy "*in all time to come.*" The object was well enough known before, but its avowal was not expected until the whole scheme was consummated. The blood and treasure of the North are to be used as the means of perpetually enslaving our people, and rendering them and their interests forever dependent upon the vagaries of Southern theory, and they are coolly told of it before hand. The writer says—

"Every battle fought in Mexico, and every dollar spent there but insures the acquisition of territory which must widen the field of Southern enterprise and power in the future. And the final result will be to re-adjust the whole balance of power in the confederacy, so as to give us control over the operations of the government in all time to come. If the South be but true to themselves, the day of our depression and suffering is gone, and gone forever."

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New York Volunteers. Gov. Wright has ordered into service the 1st regiment of New York volunteers, under the command of Col. Ward B. Burnett. The regiment belongs to the city.

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Important Surgical Operation. The United States Gazette states that on Saturday last, at Philadelphia, Judge Wagonseller of Union county, a Senator in the Pennsylvania Legislature, underwent one of the most severe and dangerous operations known to surgery. He had been suffering from an enormous tumor upon his left shoulder, which was rapidly destroying his vital powers. The operation was performed by Dr. Gilbert, Professor of Surgery in Pennsylvania Medical College, and consisted in the removal of the entire arm and shoulder, including one third of the collar bone, and a large portion of the shoulder blade. The patient is doing well.

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The Kentucky Volunteers. Capt. William's company of Kentucky Infantry is composed of young men of wealth and standing. It is said that the average wealth of the men of this company is $300,000 each. The company is attached to, and drilled with the battalion of regular Infantry, under the command of Major Bonneville. One company consists entirely of men born in New England. Old Massachusetts is well represented.

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The trial of a case of "breach of promise" commenced at Louisville, Ky., on the 17th inst. The suit was brought some months since by Miss Nano Hayes, a young and respectable lady of Louisville, against Mr. John Hayes, a wealthy wholesale grocery merchant. The damages are laid at $20,000.

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A Kidnopper Sentenced. Finnegan, who was convicted at Gettysburg, Pa., of kidnapping a family of free colored persons from Adams county was sentenced last week to solitary confinement and hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary for five years.

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A writer in the New Orleans Tropic avers that the $2,000,000 seized upon by Santa Ana, was taken with the sanction of Great Britain.

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Iron Mountain. We understand that the new furnace at the iron mountain is again in blast. They are now turning about three tons of cast iron per day, and expect soon to turn out ten tons per day. The success of this enterprise may give a new impulse to the iron business in Missouri. [St. Louis Amer.

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Robert D. Clogston has been arrested in Goffstown, N. H., and confessed that he set fire to the house occupied by Rev. Mr. Willey, and that he was hired to do it by his brother John Clogston, of Mass., who owns the house, and wanted it burnt for the insurance.

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A duel was fought with pistols opposite Matamoros between two inhabitants of that place, Daniel Murphy and John Kinsey. At the first fire, Murphy was shot in the side, above the hip—the wound is said to be severe, but not dangerous.

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New Customer. Among the sales of flour yesterday were upwards of two thousand barrels, destined for direct shipment to Algiers. [N. O. Bulletin, 13th.

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Major Goodrich was detected in breaking into George Jennings's store in West Randolph, on Sunday night, and was taken in his wagon while making off.

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The Warehouse System. The U. S. government have leased, for a term of fifteen years, the new granite stores, ten in number, on the end of Long Wharf, to be used for warehouses.

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Important to Liquor Dealers. The New York Supreme Court has decided that strong beer is strong and spiritous liquor, and that an action lies for vending it.

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The Salem Gazette says a lady wanted to vote in that city—claiming to be a tax payer and to have a right to vote.

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The Duke of Wellington is now 77 years old; Joseph Hume 70, Lord Morpeth, 44, Daniel O'Connell 72, Sir Robert Peel 58, Lord Stanley 46, Earl Grey 44, Lord Brougham 67, Lord Lyndhurst, 74, Lord George Bentinck 44, the Duke of Richmond 43, the Duke of Rutland 68.

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Quantity and value of Domestics exported from Boston to Foreign Places, during two weeks ending Nov. 21, 1846:

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|---|---|---|---|
| Sandwich Island, | 323 | packages | $28,146 |
| Canton, | 65 | " | 2,850 |
| Brazil, | 150 | " | 7,852 |
| Total | 538 | Value | $38,868 |

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On Friday night G. W. Vinton's store in Hadley was damaged by fire to the amount of $200, on his goods by fire and water to the amount of $2500.—Partly insured in Boston.

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In Champlain, Vt., 7th, B. D. Twiss, aged 21, who had recently entered the Vermont university, shot himself through the head and died in ten minutes.

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North Carolina. On Monday last, the Legislature of the state of North Carolina met at Raleigh, and the two Houses were duly organized for the transaction of business. Col. Andrew Joyner was chosen Speaker of the Senate, and the Hon. Edward Stanly, Speaker of the House of Commons. The majority of Mr. Stanly over the nominee of the Democrats was eighteen votes.

This session of the Legislature is regarded as one of unusual interest. Two United States Senators are to be elected, and justice requires the redistricting of the state, so as to give to the majority of its people a fair and proportionate number of the Representatives in Congress. The important question will also probably come at this session respecting the extension of the great chain of Southern railroad communication. [National Intelligencer.

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North Carolina. Gov. Graham's message to the Legislature is long, but mainly devoted to the affairs of the state. Among other suggestions, he recomends an attention to the present arrangement of the Congressional Districts of the states.

The Whig Legislative caucus voted to support Mr. Badger for the vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the resignation of Mr. Hayward. Mr. Badger, was chosen to the office of Senator by the Legislature, on the day after the caucus was held.

The requisition of the President for volunteers for the Mexican war had been received, and the Governor issued orders that the regiment should be mustered into immediate service.

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Maine. The fourth trial for Representatives has narrowed down the field of contest for the Legislature, without affording a chance for speculating at the actual result. From the returns reported, we gather the information that there have been 69 Whigs and Abolitionists and 67 Democrats chosen to the next House of Representatives; one district has not been heard from, and in fourteen no choice has been effected. A full House would be composed of 151 members. A large majority of the districts which have failed to elect threw an opposition majority at the late election.

The Governor and Council have counted the votes for Representatives to Congress, given in at the September election, and the result is the choice of one Whig and two Democrats, as before stated. In the 1st District, David Hammons, Democrat, has 714 over all; in the 3d district, Hiram Belcher, Whig, has 388 majority, and in the 7th Mr. Williams is re-elected by 383 majority.

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Representative Elections. On Monday, H. P. Fairbanks was chosen at Charlestown—three vacancies; at Somerville, E. L. Stevens; at Wrentham, B. B. Metcalf; at Lowell, Arnold Welch and J. L. Tripp—one vacancy.—Wilbraham and Chester voted not to send. All the above are Whigs.

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New Hampshire. The Democrats of the third district have nominated Mace Moulton, one of the present Representatives in Congress, for re-election. His opponent is Gen. Wilson.

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Iowa Election. The St. Louis Reveille, of the 15th inst., states that a gentleman who came down the river the day before, gave it as his unbiased opinion, not only that the Democratic Governor had been elected in Iowa, but that the general ticket has succeeded. In the Legislature, according to the statement, there will be a Democratic majority of one, on joint ballot.

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Michigan. It is pretty well settled that the Democrats have carried this State. The election of a U. S. Senator, in the place of Mr. Woodbridge, Whig, will be the consequence.

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Texas. It seems to be quite certain that Messrs. Pilsbury and Kaufman, the present members of Congress from Texas, have been re-elected without much opposition. Mr. Pilsbury represents the Western, and Mr. Kaufman the Eastern district.

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Explosion—Galt at the South. Beaty's powder-mills, eight miles from the city, exploded this morning. Five men were blown to atoms. It is stated that no less than two tons of gunpowder were in the building, all of which exploded almost simultaneously. The concussion was tremendous. The whole surrounding country and the city of Baltimore were violently shaken, as if by an earthquake. Furniture and earthen and china were rattled in every dwelling.

The high wind of to-day has delayed the Southern mail. We have a despatch from Washington reporting the steamboat having the mail on board aground in the Potomac, the gale having driven the water out of the river. No mail left Washington this morning for the South, owing to the low stage of the water and the gale. Nothing of importance in the Western mail.

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The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says of the flour purchases in that market:—

"The shipments have suddenly become very large to France. A large proportion of the great sales of the last few days are for the continent, chiefly France, and the orders from that quarter are quite indefinite as to quantity. Buyers are ready to pay $5 50 for flour in great quantities, with the condition that delivery shall be made when they can make arrangements for freight."

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Lake Disasters. The steamer Helen Strong is ashore four miles above Barcelona, a perfect wreck, and two lives lost. The steamer Madison is ashore eight miles still further up, high and dry, but not much damaged as known yet. A schooner is beached opposite Quincy, with four lives lost. The New Orleans, or the Illinois, it is not known which, is also high and dry. [Buffalo Pilot.

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A Novel Item in a Lawyer's Bill. A solicitor, who had been employed by a railway company, in England, on making out his bill, after enumerating all other ordinary items, adds the following—"To mental anxiety, item not contained in the above, £2000," and it was paid without any demur.

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Hard Getting to Bed. The Scientific American says that a man in Orange county was found one night climbing an over-wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was "trying to get up to bed, but some how or other these stairs wouldn't hold still."

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A Small Difference. The original estimate of the cost of constructing Girard College, with all its outbuildings complete, was $900,000. The actual cost so far has been $1,643, 398. It will take to complete it $285,383, which, added to the above, will make only $1,028,681 over the original cost.

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Mr Moses K. Crofut hung himself in Milford, on Thursday. He had been unfortunate in business, and assigned his property to his creditors the evening previous. He had always borne the character of a good citizen. A wife and three children are left destitute by this rash act.

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An Irishman speaking of the excellent facilities for travelling in the old country, averred that a man could not only travel from London to Brighton cheaper than he could stay at home, but "an faith, it wouldn't take half so long to do it."

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The Pacific Railroad. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions, on the 29th ult., to memorialize Congress on the subject of Mr. Whitney's project to construct a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific.

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George Bancroft, in Danvers, had the three first fingers of his hand badly cut, the middle finger being split from the nail through the second joint, and nearly to the third, by coming in contact with a circular saw while in motion.

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The Rev. Darius R. Brewer, of Concord, N. H., has accepted the unanimous invitation of the corporation of Trinity church, Newport, R. I., to become the rector in the place of Rev. Mr Hall, resigned.

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Fatal Accident. A dry-house of the Providence Bleaching Company was blown down on Monday, killing an Irishman, named James McCanna, and injuring two other persons.

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The Hon. J. C. Calhoun has written a letter in favor of electing presidential electors by the legislature of South Carolina, instead of by the people.

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Caste and Labor. In a recent publication, by Miss Catherine E. Beecher, we find the following remarks on the subject of Caste, as opposed to labor:

To understand the power of the principle, see what sacrifices men and women make, and what toils they endure, to save themselves from whatever sinks them in station and estimation. And this is a principle which is equally powerful in high and low, rich and poor. To observe how it bears against healthful and productive labor, let any woman who esteems herself in the higher graces of society, put the case as her own, and imagine that her son, or brother, is about to marry a young lady, whose character and education are every way lovely and unexceptionable, but who, it appears, is a seamstress or a nurse, or a domestic, and how few are there, who will not be conscious of the opposing principle of caste. But suppose the young lady to be one who has been earning her livelihood by writing poetry and love stories, or who has lived all her days in utter idleness, and how suddenly the feelings are changed! Now, all the comfort and happiness of society depend upon having that work properly performed, which is done by nurses, seamstresses, chambermaids and cooks; and so long as this kind of work is held to be degrading, and those who perform it are allowed to grow up ignorant and vulgar, and then are held down by the prejudices of caste, every woman will use the greatest efforts, and undergo the greatest privations, to escape from the degrading and discreditable position. And this state of society is now, but the natural course of things, bringing a just retribution on the classes who cherish it. Domestics are forsaking the kitchen, and thronging to the workshop and manufactory, and mainly under the influence of the principles of caste; while the family state suffers keenly from the loss. Meantime the daughters of wealth have their faculties and their sensibilities developed, while all the household labor, which would equally develope their physical powers, and save from ill health, is turned off to hired domestics, or a slaving mother. The only remedy for this evil is, securing a proper education for all classes and making productive labor honorable, by having all classes engage in it.

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In the storm of Thursday evening Orrin Forbes and Elizar Hills were drowned from a small boat at Hartford.

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## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Charles Adams, Wm. J. Buckminster to Eliza Dodge.

22d inst, by Rev Mr Blagden, Mr William T. Childs of Groton, to Phebe E. Bancroft of Boston.

19th inst, by Rev Dr Lowell, Mr Andrew C. Madge, formerly of Portsmouth, NH, to Miss Maria Annable.

22d inst, by Rev Mr Streeter, Mr Gilbert Cummins, Jr. to Miss Catherine C. Graves.

In Chelsea, Nov. 22d, by Rev. Eben Francis, Mr Zebediah Perkins to Miss Mary A. Vannevar.

In Charlestown, 19th inst, by Rev Mr Humphrey, Mr Joseph Farwell to Miss Harriet G. Warren.

In Salem, 2d inst, Mr John A. Hanson of Boston, to Miss Emily R. Farnham of S.

In Edgartown, 24th inst, Mr William R. Storms of Boston, to Miss Margaret A. Pease of E.

In Woburn, 8th inst, Mr John Ayer of Charlestown, to Miss Tryphenia R., daughter of Loring Emerson, Esq. of W.

In North Chelsea, 22d inst, by Rev Mr Damon, Mr Alvan B. Lane of Waterborough, Me., to Miss Catharine Atwood of N. C.

In Sherborne, by Rev Mr Stone, Mr Oren Goulding, of South Natick, to Miss Ellen Holbrook of S.

In Worcester, 17th inst, Mr Phillip L. Moen, to Miss Eliza A. Washburn.

In Leicester, 19th inst, Mr Albert Watson to Miss Martha Sprague.

In Topsham, Me., 1st inst, Mr Lithgrow Hunter, aged 89, to Miss Nancy Work, aged 18, daughter of William Work.

In Danvers, Mr William S. Tullock of D., to Mrs Clarissa Ann Barnard of Salem.

In Newbury, Mr John Bell to Miss Phebe Pettingell.

In Hampden Falls, 10th inst, by Rev Mr Webber of Beverly, Mr Harrison H. Pemberton of Bradford, Mass. to Miss Sarah E. Dodge, of Hampton Falls, N. H.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 18th inst., John H. Shepherd, Esq., to Mrs Orissa B. Foster, both of Boston.

In Belfast, Me., 18th inst., by Rev Mr Forthingham, Mr Francis H. Sleeper, of Boston, to Miss Harriet L. Osborn, of Belfast.

In Baltimore, 12th inst., Mr Lucius G. Hubbard, formerly of Deerfield, Mass., to Miss Gerusha C. Havens, of B.

In Romney, N. H., Oct. 29, Mr Amos Webster to Miss Dolly Bagly, of Newbury, after a courtship of 50 years.

In Charlestown 24 inst., by Rev Mr Wetherbee, Mr James Andrews to Miss Mary D. Osgood; on Tuesday, by Rev Mr Buddington, Mr Daniel S. Adam to Miss Harriet E. Crocker.

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## DEATHS.

In this city, 22d ult, Freeman Dutton, 22.

21st inst, Sarah, widow of the late Simon Hall, 81.

Mrs Elizabeth Smallidge, 90.

21st inst, Nathaniel Teague, 32 yrs 6 mos.

17th inst, Mr Robert White, formerly of Wiscasset, Me, 30.

In East Cambridge, 18th inst, of consumption, Mr Thomas D. Burke, 38.

In Salem, 20th inst, George, son of George and Jane Putnam, 4 yrs 4 mos.

In Wrentham, 14th, Nancy H., relict of the late Luther W. Sherman, M. D., 29.

In Fitchburg, 12th inst, Harriet S., wife of Dr J. A. Marshall.

In South Woburn, 3d inst, after a protracted illness of nine months, Mrs Lucretia Henderson, wife of Mr William C. Cotes of Barre, Vt.

In Millbury, Nancy B., wife of Rev D. S. King of Boston, 36.

In Sherburne, 10th inst, Sarah, wife of Mr Hezekiah Morse, 75.

In Worcester, 16 h inst, Mary Ann, wife of Mr Levi Johnson of Framingham, 31.

In Westminster, Dea Joel Baker, 69.

In Watertown, Miss Mary Stearns, formerly of Worcester, 69.

In Hubbardston, 16th inst, Nathan, son of Mr Josephus Clifford, 19.

In Danvers, 22d inst, widow Abigail Hooper, 81.

In North Danvers, 19th inst, Albert Spaulding, 15

In Beverly, 19th inst, of consumption, Mrs Caroline Woodberry, 40.

In Stoneham, 17th inst, Mrs Clarissa H. Dike, 33.

In Gloucester, Mr Aaron R. Allen, 34.

In Newburyport, Mrs Esther Cross, 80.

In Ipswich, Mrs Sarah A. Stevens, 37.

In Weymouth, 15th inst, George Fordyce Fifield, M. D., eldest son of Dr N. Fifield, 24, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1841.

In South Abington, Mehitable, wife of Mr Samuel Porter, 65; of dysentery, Nathaniel H

THE GERMANS IN BOSTON. A newspaper in the German language has just been issued in this city, with the title of the *Boston Merkur*, (Mercury.) It is to be published weekly by William Neeb, No. 6 Water street. The editor informs his readers that he shall do his best to furnish them with "Kriegs-und Friedensberichte, Nachrichten von Hunger, Pestilentz, Hochzeits-und Sterbefallen, Liebesgeschichten, Zuchtpolizeigerichtsberichte, Congressnachrichten und Luckenbisser." As to his political "sand-point," he discreetly assures us that he is "zu gescheidt um zu entscheiden zuischen Demokratie und Whiggismus!" Party men may therefore understand perfectly well what they are to expect or not expect from the "Merkur." In fact, its political creed appears to be summed up in the following distich, which we confess is as new to us as it will prove to most of our readers. The "Merkur" thus "defines its position" :—

I bi ne gschickte Ma,
Loe wieni uberanckere cha!

If this be not as intelligible as the professions of most political aspirants, we can only say it is none of our fault.

The Merkur contains some statistics which may be interesting to our readers. The number of Germans in Boston and the suburbs is estimated at 10,000. Most of them are laborers and artizans, but some are traders, physicians, lawyers, &c. They have three churches, but are deficient in schools. Among their associations, are a *Sangvercein* (Musical Society,) and a "highly respectable *Krankenunterstuetzungsgesellschaft*," (society for the relief of the sick.) There is also a pretty large Jewish Synagogue in the city, under a German Rabbi, and comprising many Germans among its members. [Courier.

MELANCHOLY LOSS OF LIFE. The following vessels, belonging to Marblehead, have been before reported lost in the great gale of September 19th; we now subjoin lists of their crews.—Those designated with a * have left widows:—

Schooner Zela—*William Hooper, *Thomas Cassell, Jr., Amos Humphreys, *Samuel Blackler, Jr., *John D. Bowden, *John White, John Wallis.

Schooner Pacific—*John Cross, *Isaac Wilden, *John Hunt, *John Bates, *Edward Homan, Elezer Leach, Robert Devereux.

Schooner Liberty—*Eben Lecraw, *John Lascer, *Richard Goss, Thomas Doliber, Geo. Lemaster, Samuel Groves, Robert Blair.

Schooner Sabine—*Samuel Dodd, Benjamin Gamey, *Nickolance Florance, Henry Pitman, Joseph Roman, *David Pierce, *Edward H. Dixey.

Schooner Salus—*John Trefry, Benj. Marin, Frederick Donaldson, *Wm. Girdler, Jos. Atkins, *Thomas Pedric, John Green.

Schooner Senator—*Charles Chadwick, *John Gilbert, Joseph Green, Mark H. Giles, *Elisha D. Pedrick, Edward Dixey, Jr., John Glover.

Schooner Warrior—*Sans Stanley, *George Bridges, *Moses Peachy, Benjamin Dood, *Wm. Blackler, *Edward Humphreyr, Jr., Samuel Goodwin.

Schooner Trio—*William G. Bridges, *Edward F. Trefry, *John R. Meelzard, *John Courtis, *Joseph Bowden, Wm. Harris, James Eastland.

Schooner Clinton—*John White, *Nehemiah Stone.

Schooner Minerva—Franklin Stevens, *Osmond C. Stacey, *Michael Phillips, *Archibald Snelair, Jr., Wm. Wooldridge, *Philip Thrasher, Spanish boy.

Schooner Hope—Names not ascertained.

The list comprises 65 men and boys. The number made widows by this calamity is 43, and 151 orphans. [Post.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF COUNTERFEIT NOTES AND PLATES. On Sunday last, officer Brumaker arrested a man on suspicion of having been concerned making counterfeit and altered notes. He visited a house in the upper part of the county, and succeeded in seizing about $2000 in counterfeit notes of the denomination of $50's, $100's, $10's and $5's on the Bank of Montgomery county, the Trenton Banking Company, and several other banks. He also succeeded in obtaining possession of three "altering plates" on the following institutions: the Mechanics Bank of Burlington, the Bank of Montgomery County, and the Trenton Banking Company. Two plates, one for $2's on the Trenton Banking Company, and one for $1's on the Bank of Corning, were also seized. The accused is held in custody for a further hearing. The officers are now in pursuit of the person who is charged with being the perpetrator of these frauds, and strong hopes are entertained that he will be arrested and brought to justice. We have examined the notes and plates mentioned above, and found the engraving and printing of a superior kind, and likely to deceive the best judges. [Philadelphia Inquirer.

AMERICAN VESSELS IN THE SLAVE TRADE. The Courier states that the letters of Mr. Gordon, U. S. Consul at Rio Janeiro, disclose the fact that, since the beginning of the year 1840, and previous to the re-call of Mr. Gordon, sixty-four American vessels had been bought at Rio Janeiro, amounting in the aggregate to 10,418 tons; of which, thirty-four vessels, amounting to 6206 tons, are reported to have been subsequently employed in the slave trade: and that, during the same period, there had departed from Rio Janeiro for the coast of Africa, fifty-six American vessels, and forty American vessels had arrived at that port from the coast—in all ninety six American vessels, amounting in the aggregate to 20,295 tons, employed between Rio Janeiro and the African continent. During they ears 1842 and 1843, the number of American vessels sold into this trade greatly increased; in 1844, and the present year, they have diminished.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT. On Saturday evening a man named Charles Riley was killed on the Boston and Albany railway, about two miles this side of the Schodack station, by the engine attached to the train from Boston. He was struck by the cow catcher, thrown from the track, and died no doubt instantly. One leg was broken and his head literary smashed. The train was stopped immediately, and the body taken up and conveyed to East Boston, where an inquest was held upon it. It is supposed that the deceased was intoxicated. He was a blacksmith by trade, and has relations in this city. [Albany Argus.

WATER. The Boston and Worcester railroad, which has heretofore been dependent on the Jamaica Pond aqueduct for its supply of water for locomotives, has been under the necessity of resorting elsewhere for a supply, in consequence of the desire of the aqueduct corporation of meeting as far as possible the pressing demand for it for domestic uses. The railroad corporation has accordingly provided a large well, near the Brighton station, which affords an ample supply of good water. In consequence of this arrangement, the inward trains are subjected to a delay of two or three minutes, in taking water enough at this station for the next outward trip. [Daily Advertiser.

The New York Express states that suspicion has been excited within a day or two, that Capt. Manson, of the brig Harriet, of Marblehead—the vessel manned with a colored crew—was murdered, instead of lost overboard, as stated, and a warrant has been issued against one of them charged with being the murderer. Suspicion was excited by an entry in the Captain's log book, where he mentions having had a serious difficulty with the person charged.

The editor of the Indiana Democrat, who doubtless has an eye to the collectorship or pursership, in an article lauding Mr. Polk to the skies for his splendid civil and military qualifications, says that "the President planned the brilliant battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and is entitled to as much or more credit for the successful result of them than General Taylor."

The ship Anglo Saxon arrived at this port last week from Liverpool with a large number of steerage passengers. We learn that during the passage, eleven of them, two women and nine children, died, and that two more have died since her arrival.—The cause is said to be the great want of cleanliness among them. [Traveller.

DIVORCED. In the Supreme Court yesterday, Judge Wilde decreed a divorce in favor of William S. Kenney, whose wife had been detected in staying at a house of bad repute.

In the Common Pleas, James Finn recovered a verdict for $25 against John Crowley, who exceeded the "*molliter manus imposuit*" in putting Finn out of his store, after he had made some disturbance.

In the Municipal Court, John Cunningham, for assaulting watchman Blasland, was fined $35 and costs, and up under $100 bonds to keep the peace one year. Edmund Saunders, for keeping company with Caroline Hall, was fined $10 and costs. Alanson Cunningham, robbing Oliver Wales's greenhouse, in Dorchester, eight months in the house of correction.

In the Police Court, Abraham Wood was fined $6 and costs for assaulting Asa Nutting, tollman on the milldam. Wood and his companion undertook to run toll, and gave battle, when Mr. Nutting gave chase. William M'Cormick, leader of a gang who insulted passers-by indiscriminately in Commercial street, was fined $4 and costs for an assault. Dennis Frea was fined $1 and costs, for an assault on Michael Morrison. Cornelius Frills was sent to the house of correction for two months, for stealing from a grocery store Mr. David Haddon's basket, containing his Sunday's dinner. [Post.

A military officer, of dimutive statue, was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet.—"Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the head of his cane, to an angle of forty-five degrees. "Hold up your head so, and throw your eyes somewhat to the right thus." "And must I always do so, my noble captain?" asked the recruit, with much apparent simplicity:—"Yes always," answered the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy.—"I shall never see you again."

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. Mr Hodge of this city who was walking on the railroad track on Monday evening, between the depot and the round house, was run over by the passenger cars. The wheels went over both feet and brused them very badly. His head was also badly bruised. He was carried home. We understand that he is considered dangerously hurt. [Lowell Courier.

FIRES. In Brookline, on Saturday night, a dwelling house, barn and outhouses in the rear of the street, near the Punch Bowl tavern, were set on fire and partly destroyed, with a quantity of lumber.—The property belonged to Mr J. Davenport and Mr. O'Dale. The Roxbury engines were on hand, and an extensive conflagration prevented by the firemen, as the vicinity is covered with wooden buildings.

# NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMPKINS'S
## Book and Stationery Store,
NO. 94 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Between School and State Streets,)
BOSTON,
Where may be had at Wholesale and Retail, a General Assortment of
BIBLES, SCHOOL AND JUVENILE BOOKS,
ENGLISH, FRENCH, & AMERICAN STATIONERY.
☞ Country Traders supplied on reasonable terms. ☜
n21 6w

## Gates's Academy, Marlboro'.

THE next Term of this Institution will commence on Tuesday, Dec 1st.
Students can be accommodated in the family of the Preceptor, for $27 per term.
n21 3w* O. W. ALBEE, Preceptor.

## Local Loiterings and Visits,

IN the vicinity of Boston, by the author of "Pen and Ink Sketches," and "Chatterton."
The Contents are 'Introductory Chapter,' 'Visit to Mt. Auburn,' 'Lexington and its Battle Ground,' 'A Trip to Lowell,' 'A Visit to South Boston,' 'Boston Common—a Walk and Talk about it,' 'A Visit to Nahant,' 'Lowell Mills and the Mill-ocracy,' 'Visit to the State Prison,' 'Visit to the Farm School,' 'Visit to the Chinese Museum,' 'A Sunday at Old Ipswich,' 'A Sabbath in Boston,' 'A Street Gossip,' 'Musings by the Merrimack.'
Published at No 8 State street, for thirty-seven and a half cents, by REDDING & CO. tf n21

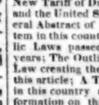
## Fall Style Hats.

At prices from $2 to $4. Also, a great variety New Style Caps.
*FUR GOODS,*
of every description. Hope the readers of this paper will not purchase till they have examined my stock.
Wholesale rooms, 2d and 3d stories,
173 Washington street.
n21 tf WM. M. SHUTE.

## Peach Trees.

5000 fine thrifty PEACH TREES, embracing all the best sorts.
For sale at the Cambridge Nurseries, by
HOVEY & CO.,
7 Merchants' Row,
n21 Boston.

## Pear and Quince Stocks



20,000 PEAR and 10,000 QUINCE STOCKS —from ten to eighteen inches in height.
For sale at the Cambridge Nurseries, by
HOVEY & CO.,
7 Merchants' Row,
n21 Boston.

## American Almanac.

THE American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1847, 1 vol 12mo, pp 360, containing Astronomical Calculations, by Prof. Peirce, The New Tariff of Duties established in 1846, both in England and the United States, alphabetically arranged, &c; a general Abstract of the Laws establishing a Warehousing System in this country; The general Abstract of all the Public Laws passed by Congress is continued, as in former years; The Outlines of the Sub-Treasury System and of the Law creating the Smithsonian Institution are contained in this article; A Tabular View is given of all the Railroads in this country and in England, which contains more information on this subject than has ever been brought together before; A comparative view of the debts, property, and general financial condition of all the States has been made out with great care from the latest returns; An article on the comparative cost of Government in England and in this country, affords results which will probably be new to most of our readers; The Obituary Record; The Lists of Officers under the National and State Governments; The Register of Colleges and of the Theological, Law and Medical Schools, and the other ordinary articles of the work will be found as full and accurate as in former years.
Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. n21

## The Voice.

IMPROVED STEREOTYPE EDITION. Just published by TICKNOR & CO., corner of Washington and School streets.
Orthophony; or the Cultivation of the Voice in elocution. A Manual of elementary exercises, adapted to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the human voice," and the system of vocal culture introduced by Mr. James E. Murdoch, designed as an introduction to Russell's "American Elocutionist," compiled by William Russell, author of "Lessons in Education," etc., with a supplement on Purity of Tone, by G. J. Webb, Professor Boston Academy of Music. Improved edition. One volume, 12mo.
It will be perceived by referring to the subjoined expressions of opinion from distinguished medical gentlemen, there is ample professional authority for the expectation of available benefits, as the result of the systematic vocal training recommended in this volume.
"This system is based upon an accurate knowledge of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organs of the Voice.—Its obvious utility in developing the functions of the human larynx, and giving flexibility, beauty, facility, and permanent power to the voice; and its eminent effect both in the prevention and cure of the disease to which public speakers are liable, give to it a strong claim upon the attention of the scholars in our schools and Colleges, our youth, and all the above duties demand a frequent or great use of the voice.
Persons of delicate constitutions and feeble voice, will receive great benefit from the practice of this system: as it is even calculated to give a hearty action to the vocal and pulmonary orgsns; and in this particular, it is well worthy the attention of parents.
EDWARD REYNOLDS,
GEORGE HAYWARD,
D. HUMPHREYS STORER,
WINSLOW LEWIS, Jr.,
WALTER CHANNING
n21

## Ground and Lump Plaster.

300 Tons Lump Plaster; 400 Casks Ground Plaster; 100 bbls do do; 100 tons do do, in bulk, fresh and fine for the manure.
The subscribers keep on hand a large supply of this article which they will sell at the lowest prices and deliver at the different Rail Road stations or to vessels in any quantity. For sale at wharf adjoining Warren Bridge, Boston, by C. YOUNG & CO 6m o31

## Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

FOR years, surgeons and dentists have vainly sought for some means to alleviate pain while severe operations were taking place. Many an individual has gone to the grave, through a dread of suffering, who might have been saved had he been willing to place himself in the hands of the surgeon; and persons have suffered many a long year with their Teeth rather than submit to have them extracted. It is acknowledged that extracting teeth is one of the most painful operations in surgery, but the pain being momentary, it is not so generally perceived.—To remove all these difficulties, and allow even the most sensitive an opportunity for the performance of any surgical or dental operation, DR. MORTON has discovered a compound to alleviate pain. He can, after administering it, extract a tooth, and the patient will not be sensible of the slightest pain. He has done it in repeated instances. He has made arrangements to extract Teeth, using his Compound, at his Rooms, No. 19 Tremont Row.
n14 2w

## FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
## At Moore's North American
CLOTH AND CLOTHING
# WAREHOUSE,
*NOS. 43, 45, AND 74 ANN STREET,*
BOSTON.

THE Proprietor of the above establishment, having completed extensive repairs and alterations, within the Warehouse, is now prepared to offer, at wholesale or retail, one of the
*BEST STOCKS OF CLOTHING*
ever got up in this country. Quick sales, at small profits, is the order of the day at the North American.
It is our determination to offer the immense stock of this House at prices which few can compete with. It is presumed that no similar concern of the kind in the United States manufactures so large an amount of CLOTHING, during the year, at so small an expense, as is done here.—Therefore we do not fear competition, or any disappointment to those who may favor us with a call.
The arrangements for the manufacture of
*CUSTOM CLOTHING,*
at this place, are unsurpassed, and our workmen are among the very best to be found in the city of London, and the prices are only little above one half the old Congress street charges, and as far as fit and workmanship is concerned, we acknowledge no masters, but on the contrary will try our skill with any one, who may see fit to do so.
AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF
*FASHIONABLE PIECE GOODS*
will at all times be found here and will be constantly replenished by every foreign arrival of steamship or packet.
*GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING ARTICLES,*
of the richest description, constantly received.
And in conclusion we would invite you to visit the NORTH AMERICAN, where you will certainly find the whole of the above real facts.
o31 tf JOHN L. MOORE, Proprietor

## Splendid Oxford Bibles.
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & CO.
HAVE LATELY IMPORTED

A GREAT variety of the elegant Oxford Editions of the Bible, preferred to all others for beauty of typographical execution and superior correctness of Text.
Among the sizes constantly kept for sale, are the Royal folio Bible (the largest size printed,) mor. extra; Demy Folio, mor. extra; English Quarto, do; Do. do. without Apocrypha, mor. extra; Demy English, 4to. do. do; Pica, Royal Octavo do. do. mor. ex. gilt; Small Pica, Octavo, morocco; Brevier Bible, demy octavo, morocco, Minion Bible, crown octavo, with references, extra gilt; Ruby Bible, do. do. ex. gilt. Pearl Bible, foolscap octavo; Do. do. velvet and gold; Minion Bible, royal 24mo., plain calf; Do. do. gilt do; Do. do. morocco, extra gilt; Do. do. velvet and gold; Diamond Bible, demy 24mo, morocco gilt; Do. do. velvet and gold; Do. do. demy 48mo., 2 vols. in morocco case, elegant; Do. do. and Prayer, 3 vols. do.
Also, Oxford Testaments and Prayer Books, in every variety of bindings. Some of the above are elaborately finished, with illuminated covers and other decorations, very beautifully executed.
n14 135 Washington street.

## Framingham Academy.

THE next Term of this old and well-known Academy commences Tuesday, the first day of December next. The School is at present under the direction of
Mr J. A. HASTINGS A. B.,
assisted by Miss C. R. Richardson. Instruction is given in Greek, Latin, French, and all the branches necessary in preparation for College, or in a good English Education. The tuition is $4,00 for those who attend to the English branches alone, and $5,50 for those who attend to the Languages. Board, including washing, &c. can be obtained for $2,50 per week. In a private family where the most careful and motherly care is bestowed upon such as are placed in it, and where the greatest attention is given to their manners and morals.—It is hoped that the liberal patronage which the public has hitherto bestowed upon this Institution will still be continued.
Framingham, Oct 27, 1846. 6w n7

## Bridgewater State Normal School.

THIS School for the education of Teachers, will commence its next Term on Wednesday, the 2d December, 1846.
Those desirous of entering the School must be present on that day, to undergo an examination in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Grammar and Arithmetic.
Those who enter the School must present a certificate of good moral character; and must declare an intention of remaining at the School for not less than *three successive terms.*
Those who have passed a term at the school, will be received again on the conditions which existed when they became members. No one will be received after the commencement of a term; nor except in special cases, if he or she intends to leave during the term. Male pupils must, on entering, be at least 16 years old, and females at least 16 years of age. Each term consists of 14 weeks. Tuition is *free* to those who intend to become Teachers in this State. Board —$2 per week. Books are let to the scholars. Each pupil pays one dollar a term for the use of books and for the School expenses.
n7 3w N. TILLINGHAST, Principal.

## Adelphian Academy.

THE WINTER TERM will commence on Tuesday, Dec 8th, and close March 12th.
The SPRING TERM will commence on Tuesday, March 23d, and close June 25th.
Each Term of fourteen weeks.
TEACHERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.
S. L. LOOMIS, B. S. J. E. MARSH, B. A.
L. F. C. LOOMIS, B. S. Miss E. L. LOOMIS.

| | |
|---|---|
| All expense, per term, for Gentlemen, | $23,00 |
| " " Ladies, | 20,00 |
| Or, board per week, for Gentlemen, | 1,75 |
| " " Ladies, | 1,50 |
| Fuel, lights, &c. per term, average | 4,50 |
| Tuition for Common branches, each study, | 1,30 |
| Higher and Ornamental " | 2,00 |
| Languages, " | 2,70 |
| Tuition, per term, in no case less than | 3,90 |

The course of Instruction embraces, besides the common and higher English branches, the Ancient and Modern Languages and Ornamental Branches.
The Classical department is now permanently under the direction of Mr Marsh.
The inconvenience occasioned by unsuitable rooms it is hoped will be entirely obviated by the erection of a new and large Academy building. The building will be completed before the commencement of the Winter Term.
For information concerning the character of the institution we are permitted to refer to the following well known gentlemen of this town:—
Jesse Perkins, Joseph Sylvester, Elish Whitman, Abel Kingman, Franklin Ames, Esqs.; Messrs. David Cobb, Henry French, Newton Shaw.
North Bridgewater, Sept 26, 1846. td1

## Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the Goods and Estate of
ABIGAIL BACON,
late of Dover, in the county of Norfolk, singlewoman, deceased, and has accepted said trust. And all persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called up to make payment to
GEORGE E. MANSON, Executor.
Framingham, Oct. 27th, 1846. tf o31

## Railroad Store.

THE Subscribers having recently opened the Store formerly occupied by C. H. Barber will sell West India Goods (of which they have a large and fresh assortment) lower than any other Store in the vicinity, for cash.
Also,—Flour, Grain, and Lime, constantly on hand.
GILBERT HOWE,
C. H. BARBER.
South Framingham, Oct. 1st, 1846. 3m

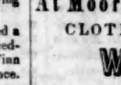
## Agricultural Books.

THE subscriber would respectfully invite those who wish valuable Books on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE and FLORICULTURE, to call and examine superb editions of the following works:
Downing's Landscape Gardening.
" Fruits and Fruit Trees of America,
" Cottage Residences,
" Landscape Gardening,
Bridgeman's Young Gardener's Assistant.
" Fruit Cultivator's Manual,
" Kitchen Gardener's Instructor,
" Florist's Guide,
Low's Practical Agriculture,
American Farmer's Encyclopædia,
Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants,
" Hortus Brittanicus,
" Encyclopædia of Gardening,
" of Trees and Shrubs, &c.
The Vegetable Kingdom, or Hand Book of Plants,
American Flower Garden Dictionary,
Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, &c.
Hoac on the Grape,
Washington's Letters on Agriculture
With various other works on Agriculture, Chemistry, Gardening, &c.
These, together with all the valuable Books on Horses, Sheep, Swine, Bees, Birds, Pigeons, and Rabits, will constitute a valuable collection.
Every new and popular work will be received by the steamers, and it is the intention of the subscriber to offer all these publications at the publishers' prices, thus enabling the purchaser to obtain them at the very lowest prices.
Orders are respectfully solicited.
For sale at WARREN'S Horticultural Museum and Seed Store,
d20 Nos 1 and 2 Tremont Temple, Boston.

## VIOLIN WITHOUT A MASTER.

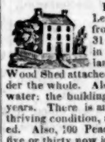
CONTAINING new and complete rules and exercises, with full directions in bowing and all necessary instructions to perfect the learner in the art of playing the Violin. To which is added a large collection of popular airs, consisting of Marches, Quick Steps, Waltzes, Cotillions, Hornpipes, Reels, Dances and with several pieces arranged as Duetts. Call and examine—price 50 cents.
Published by ELIAS HOWE.
ap4 tf No. 9, Cornhill.

## FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.
*HOVEY & CO.*
*Cambridge Nurseries, near Boston, Mass.*



Respectfully invite the attention of amateur cultivators to their immense collection of Fruit, embracing every variety to be obtained in Europe, selections of which were made from the English, Scotch and Continental nurseries, in the autumn of 1844, during a personal visit, and other new and rare kinds, since received from their established correspondents in London, Paris and Brussels. No pains or expense have been spared to render their collection unequalled in the Pomological department, both in extent and variety; and specimen trees of every kind are planted out, thus affording an opportunity to inspect the fruit as the trees are yearly coming into bearing.
20,000 Pear trees, on both the quince and pear, are now ready for sale; and in addition to the established and well known sorts, the following very rare kinds are now offered, for the first time in this country.
LANGELIER'S BEURRE—Raised or introduced into notice by M. Langelier, who first introduced Van Mons Leon le Clerc. He describes it "perfectly melting, ripe in January, larger than the Napoleon, trees very vigorous, and one of the best flavored in cultivation." The original trees cost ONE GUINEA each, and fine young trees are now offered at $30 each.
JERSEY GRATIOLA—Described by Mr Thompson to have a "melting flesh, like honey, exceedingly rich; ripe in October." Highly esteemed in Jersey, where it is considered the "finest pear ever met with." Fine trees $2 each.
ALSO—Dunmore, Knight's Monarch, Van Mons Leon le Clerc, Hull, Wilbur, Episcopal, Hill's Fall Butter, Vicompte de Spoilberg, &c. &c.
100 VARIETIES OF APPLES, 60 of Plums, 50 of Cherries, 50 of Peaches, 8 of Nectarines, and 8 of Apricots, embracing all the newest and most desirable sorts.
ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS of every kind including some very splendid specimens of the Silver Maple, Mountain Ash, Scotch Elm, Tulip Tree, Magnolia, Lime, &c., &c.
1200 VARIETIES OF ROSES, among which are the rarest sorts to be obtained in Europe; 10 kinds of superb Double American Prairie Roses.
1000 GRAPE VINES, in pots, suitable for graperies, embracing 40 varieties, and among them WILMOT'S NEW BLACK HAMBURGH, a very superior new Grape.
GOOSEBERRIES, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, Grapes Vines, Quinces, &c., &c.
GREENHOUSE PLANTS, the most extensive collection in New-England containing all the new and fine kinds to be obtained.
CATALOGUES of Fruit Trees, Roses, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Bulbous Roots and Seeds, may be had separately on application, POST PAID.
*** A very liberal discount made to large purchasers.
☞ All orders to be accompanied with cash or a draft.
☞ All orders are invited to call and inspect the Nurseries, Omnibus Coaches run within a few rods of them every fifteen minutes during the day.
Orders addressed to us will be promptly executed, the trees or plants securely packed to bear transportation to any part of the Union, and forwarded without delay.
HOVEY & CO.
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
o24 7 Merchants Row, Boston.

## Farm for Sale,



Pleasantly situated in the north part of Lexington, about three quarters of a mile from the old Meeting House, containing 31 acres of excellent land, suitably divided in Mowing, Pasturage, Tillage and Woodland, with a small Cottage House and Wood Shed attached, and a Barn 34 by 36 with a cellar under the whole. Also, an excellent well of never failing water; the buildings have been built within the last four years. There is an Orchard of young Apple Trees in a thriving condition, also a goodly number of old trees grafted. Also, 100 Peach Trees set last spring; and twenty-five or thirty now in bearing.
As said Farm is very pleasantly situated, and there is a Railroad within three-fourths of a mile, the depot of which is within fifteen minutes walk of the above Farm, it offers a rare chance for any person doing business in the city to retire to the country. The above will be sold at a bargain, if applied for soon. Terms liberal.
For further particulars inquire of the subscriber, on the premises. Possession given immediately.
CHARLES POOK, Jr.
Lexington, Sept 26, 1846. tf

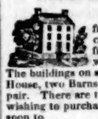
## Farm for Sale.

The "UPTON FARM," situated in Andover, West Parish, on the road from Ballardvale to Lowell, leading by Hacket's Pond, will be sold for $2500—and possession given this fall if desired.
Said Farm contains about fifty-five acres of land of the best quality, about fifteen acres of which is woodland; the remainder is in a good state of cultivation.
The buildings are new, having been built within three years. The house is two stories high, 22 feet by 28 with an L and Shed 40 by 16. The Barn, with cellar underneath, is 36 by 40. The water on the premises is good and never has been known to fail. A part of the purchase money might remain on mortgage, if desired.
For further particulars apply to the subscriber; on the premises.
n28 3m* E. C. UPTON.

## For Sale.

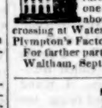
A large, new and elegant Dwelling House, pleasantly situated in Lynn, within five minutes' walk of the first station on the Eastern Railroad. Said house was built by the day, as the residence of the former proprietor, and finished in the most thorough and elegant manner, without regard to expense. It contains a large hall, two drawing rooms, parlor, dining room and library on the first floor, with six chambers on the second floor, and four in the attic story. The bathing room, water closets, laundry, pantries, &c. are all capacious and in good order, and a large hot air furnace communicates with each apartment in the principal story. The grounds attached contain about 1½ acres, enclosed with buckthorn hedge, the garden being under the highest cultivation, with valuable fruit trees in full bearing.
The present forms a rare opportunity to secure a delightful country residence on moderate terms, as the present owner is about removing to another part of the country.
For further information apply to ARTHUR GILMAN, Architect, No 1 Joy's Building, Washington street.
Boston, Aug. 1, 1846. tf

## Farm for Sale, in Lexington,



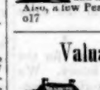
Pleasantly situated on the road leading from Lexington to Concord. Said Farm contains about 50 acres of first rate land, from 8 to 10 acres of which is covered with a handsome growth of Oak Wood. The buildings on said Farm consist of a good two-story House, two Barns and Sheds, all of which are in good repair. There are two good wells on the premises. Any one wishing to purchase can have a good bargain by applying soon to
JOSEPH F. SIMONDS.
Lexington, March 7, 1846. tf

## For Sale in Waltham.



The subscriber being out of health offers his GRIST MILL for sale, consisting of two run of Stone and Corn Cracker, with a separate Wheel forneach. Also, if desired, from one to sixteen acres of Land. The above is about half a mile from the Fitchburg Railroad crossing at Waterstown, and about fifty rods above Mr N. Plympton's Factory.
For further particulars inquire of DAVID KENDALL.
Waltham, Sept 19, 1846. tf

## Trees for Sale.



At Goulding's Nursery, in the southerly part of Dorchester, the subscriber has for sale 5000 Apple Trees, of the very largest size, and of the best kinds. They are from two to four years from the bud or graft, and very thrifty, straight and handsome.
Also, a few Peach, Cherry and Quince Trees.
o17 3w* JOHN A. GOULDING.

## Valuable Farm for Sale.

A Farm situted in Grafton, Worcester county, on the road leading from Westborough to Grafton, distant from Grafton Centre 2 miles, and 1½ hours ride from Boston. Said Farm contains 100 acres of superior land under good cultivation, well divided into mowing, pasture, tillage, and woodland, is well watered and fenced with good stone wall, and has a good variety of Fruit Trees. The buildings on the same are good and in good repair. Any person desirous of purchasing a good Farm will find this a rare opportunity.
For further particulars, apply to W. C. ROBINSON, 57 Fulton street, Boston; or on the premises to
S. E. GOULDING.
jy11 td20*

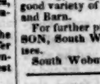
## Apple Trees.

Several thousand Trees, of the most approved old and new varieties, such as Baldwin, late Baldwin, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Jewett's Red, Golden Ball, Garden Royal, Minister, &c. &c., and of suitable size for transplanting into Orchards, are offered for sale, at prices from 25 to 30 cents each, by
JAS. S. DRAPER.
Wayland, Oct 3, 1846. 6w*

## Nursery Trees.

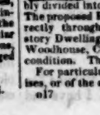
The subscriber has a large lot of thrifty Fruit Trees in his Nursery in Sherburne, that are now of good size and suitable for transplanting. He has the best kinds of Apple Trees, a few Cherry and Peach Trees and Quince Bushes.
MICAH LELAND.
Sherburne, Sept 26, 1846. 6m

## Farm for Sale



Situated in the North part of Burlington, on the road leading to Wilmington, fifteen miles from Boston, 1½ miles from the Lowell Railroad Depot, in Wilmington. Said Farm contains 52 acres of good land, divided into mowing, tillage and pasturing, meadow and woodland; a good variety of Fruit Trees, a two-story Dwelling House and Barn.
For further particulars, inquire of JOHN H. RICHARDSON, South Woburn, or of JOSEPH HALL, on the premises.
South Woburn, Feb 7, 1846. tf

## Farm for Sale in Saugus,

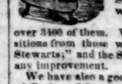


Pleasantly situated within half a mile of the village, and about seven miles from Boston, two from Lynn, and in the vicinity of Chelsea Beach, where large quantities of sea manure can be obtained. The Farm consists of about 40 acres of land of an excellent quality, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland.—The proposed Railroad from Salem to Malden will pass directly through the same. The buildings are a large two story Dwelling House, Barn, with a cellar under the whole, Woodhouse, Carriage House, Workshop, &c., all in good condition. The Farm is well supplied with good water.
For particulars, inquire of Samuel Fiske, near the premises, or of the subscriber, at Foxboro'.
o17 tf DANIEL SPOFFORD.

## STEWART'S PATENT SUMMER AND WINTER COOKING STOVES.

THE above STOVES have become so generally introduced, that we do not deem it necessary to speak of their many good qualities, as they will tell their own story best. We warrant them and will give FIFTY DOLLARS in each instance that can be produced, where we have not taken back the Stove in case of failure and repaid the whole amount of purchase money.
In three years time we have sold over 3100 of them. We caution the public against impositions from those who sell what they call "Improved Stewarts," and the Stove maintains it originality without any improvement.
We have also a good assortment of the various patterns of Parlor, Office and COOKING STOVES, at No. 22 Union street
GREENMAN & NORTHRUP.
o24 1y

## FARM FOR SALE IN WESTON.



Known by the name of the Mackay Farm and near the centre of the town.—Said farm is one of the best fruit farms in Massachusetts. A large part of the purchase money might remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars inquire of CHARLES JOHNSON, on the premises.
n14 3w*

## Farm for sale in Methuen, Mass.

Containing ninety-three acres of good land, well wooded; a house and barn and out-buildings. It is pleasantly situated on Spicket river, a mile and a half from Methuen village, and three miles from the "New City." Payments made easy. Inquire of JOSEPH SNELLING, on the premises.
n14 3w*

## Auction Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction on the 30th day of November instant, on the premises, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a neat well finished House, with suitable Barn, and six acres of first rate land, well stocked with Fruit Trees of the choicest kind and a good well of soft water, situated in the town of Nortboro', one mile East of its centre; within one-fourth of a mile of a good school; and within a few rods of the main road leading from Worcester to Boston.
It is a desirable situation for a mechanic, or to be occupied as a small farm.
For particulars inquire of Capt. JOSEPH SMITH, of Westborough, or of the subscriber, in Northboro'.
n14 3w* EDWARD F. BRIGHAM.

## Farm for Sale,

Situated in Foxboro', one mile from the centre and two from the Railroad Depot, containing 30 acres of good land well divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland. The buildings consist of a Dwelling House, Barn, and Carpenter's Shop, all of which are large, convenient, and in good repair. There is a well of good water at the house.
For particulars, inquire of DANIEL SPOFFORD, on the premises. tf o17

## Farm for Sale.

A valuable Farm in Bradford, Mass., on the south Bank of the Merrimack river.
The subscriber, on account of ill health, will dispose of his Farm, situated near the flourishing village in Bradford, West Parish, one mile from Haverhill, on the Boston road. The Farm consists of about 50 acres of Land, of an excellent quality, suitably divided into tillage, (in a high state of cultivation,) Orcharding, Pasture and Woodland. The buildings are a two story Dwelling House, about 40 by 25 feet, with an L attached, about 25 by 21 feet—two large Barns, and other requisite out-houses. The Orchard, of the choicest kind of Apple, Pear and Peach, (the product of which is a source of great profit) is second to none in the place. The Grass Land is remarkable for its abundant crops of Hay, as also the Tillage for Corn and Oats.
It may be unnecessary to particularize, for it is known to be one of the best Farms, perhaps, in the county of Essex. The location must be a very desirable one for those wishing to educate children, or for the accommodation of boarders, it being but from 5 to ten minutes walk from the well established Female Seminary, or from the Institution for Young Men, under the immediate care of Benj. Greenleaf, Esq; also the Bradford Depot on the Boston and Maine Railroad is but a short distance from the Dwelling House, and but 1½ hours' ride from Boston. The nearness to the new city of Essex, at Methuen, (the distance being but six miles, must render it more desirable, on account of the ready market, for that place, for Hay, Grain and other products of the Farm.
For further particulars inquire of the subscriber, on the premises, of Edmund Kimball, at Haverhill, or of T. S. Raynolds, of the firm of Raynolds & Waitt, 34 North Market street, Boston.
JESSE KIMBALL.
Bradford, Aug 15, 1846.

## The Best Churn.

# THE POET'S CORNER.

### THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY C. CLEMENT.

With a little basket on her arm, to hold the proffered store,
Each morning finds a Beggar Girl, low tapping at the door;
And there she stands with wist ul look, yet silent all the while,
And when she takes the pittance small, for shame she cannot smile.

Her father lived a drunkard's life, and perished in the snow,
And now her mother's sick and faint, beneath her load of woe;
And so she comes with downcast eye, and visage white with grief;
With all the power of pictured Want, mutely to ask relief.

Though clad in garments thin and torn, they're always neat and clean,
And something in her wan pale face, so mournfully serene,
Bespeaks a heart where truth abides in all its vernal hues,
And innocence in morning prime, is scattering holy dews.

But, ah! her lot is hard indeed, and all her joys must die,
To look a rude world in the face, with its cold and frosty eye!
And yet she seems so angel-like, amid desponding fears,
That Pity marks the path she takes, and lays its dust with tears.

God bless the little Beggar Girl with friends of open hand,
To weigh her down with charities, and bid her hopes expand;
And while bereft of earthly goods, those treasures insecure,
Oh, fill that poor young heart of hers, with "riches that endure!"

# LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## The Batson Cottage.

BY MISS LESLIE.

We present our readers with some extracts from the diary of Miss Clementine Chelbourne, a young lady of sixteen, who with her mother had been spending a summer month at the principal hotel in a large and pleasant village, celebrated for the salubrity of the air, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding country. The diary is addressed to a young friend in a distant place: the writer faithfully fulfilling her promise of noting down everything as it occurred.

It is true, my dearest Lucinda, that we have excellent accommodations at this hotel, and very good society. Many genteel people from different places are spending the summer at Laureltown, which inhabitants have not yet begun to designate as a city. Mamma is very happy here, and thinks of remaining till it is time for us to go to New York, and meet papa on his return from Europe, and settle down in our Philadelphia home till next summer. For my part, I have nothing to complain of at Laureltown but the entire absence of rurality. Hitherto all our summer excursions have been to fashionable watering-places and handsome villas; so I have seen nothing of rustic life, and am really pining to find myself the inmate of a cottage—not a *cottage ornee* with parlors, and dining-rooms and breakfast rooms, and boudoirs and conservatories, (such as we read of in English novels,) but a genuine *chaumiere a la paysan*. You know how I delight in the perusal of rural tales and rural poetry (even to the oldest pastorals,) and how convinced I am that cottages are the places where "all the virtues most do congregate."—Only think, I am sixteen years of age, and have never yet passed an hour under a thatched roof. Mamma says I have very little chance of ever doing so in America. Well, I will not be too particular about the roof; and a shingled one would suffice, if it was tolerably mossy, and a little broken, so as to be picturesque. I have been trying for a week past to persuade mamma to let us take boarding in some "sheltered nook" somewhere in the most sequestered part of the adjacent country; and she has almost promised to gratify me. Remembering always that she once was young herself, and, (as my aunt tells me) rather imaginative, with quite as much fancy as judgment, my dearest mamma is a pattern of indulgence to the follies (if indeed they are so) of her only and affectionate daughter. I am perfectly certain that she is right; for I should not be half so affectionate is she was always checking and chiding, and contradicting and disappointing me, and regarding very little *etourderie* as if it was to have awful consequences, and give a coloring to my whole future character.—Now, I have lived long enough in the world to know (in spite of all the moral and instructive tales prepared for young people as true pictures of real life) that there are thousands of happenings without any consequences at all, and that every little thing *does not* lead to some great thing; and that our daily history is *not* like a complicated machine all wheel within wheel.—You see, dear Lucinda, how I can philosophize. Some day I may come out a genius. And that will prove the truth of my new theory that there is no judging of the end from the beginning.—But I am called off—mamma has just sent for me.

* * * * *

Joy, joy, dearest Lucinda! My kindest of mothers (who never forgets that she was once a foolish girl herself) has commissioned our worthy host to inquire among the country people that supply marketing if we can obtain boarding in some small, quiet, rural "mansion of peace" within a few miles of Laureltown. And Mr. Kindman (good, disinterested person) has just come to say that he has found us a place. In a retired spot quite off the high road, there lives a widow with a grown up niece, a daughter that is a little girl, and a son who is in his twentieth year. When her husband was living they occupied a good-sized stone house: but after his death, as her son was then a little boy, she concluded to rent the farm, and live upon the rent, till the youth was old enough to take charge of it. And they removed to a small house in the neighboorhood of the farm, a mere cottage with only one acre of ground. I wonder how large an acre looks when you see it.

This negotiation has been going on for two days, without my knowledge; by way of giving me an agreeable surprise if it succeeded, and preventing my disappointment if it did not.—And yesterday afternoon when I was out angling with the Wilford's, mamma took a ride with Mr. Kindman to the place, and saw it; and this morning the bargain was concluded, and the cottagers apprised that they might expect us tomorrow.

There was some difficulty about the terms, which Mr. Kindman told mamma were quite too high. Pity that the vile dross called money should always be mixed into all our pleasures.—How charming it would be could we go there as friends; they receiving us at once into their hearts, with open arms, and welcoming us beneath their hospitable roof. And then in return (for we like to be generous) we might present them with a silver vase (such as they could use for a tea-pot,) with a complimentary inscription, which I should delight in writing myself.

I inquired about the young people who are now to be my companions. Mamma had only seen the orphan neice whose name I find is Mary. I am glad it is nothing worse. I could never have reconciled myself to Rachael or Hannah. Common as Mary is it seems to be approved by the poets. I am sorry to understand that the people of our country (at least the white people) have no pastoral names among them, such as Phillis, Chloe, Damon and Colin. Alas! we have no shepherds in America.—None, at least, that pass their lives on verdant banks beneath the shade of spreading trees, twining their crooks and their hair with garlands of flowers. Papa says there are no such shepherds anywhere. He has told us of the first shepherd that he saw in England, a clumsy, red faced old man dressed in a coarse brown jacket a dirty gray waistcoat, corduroy knee-breeches, leather gaiters and hob nailed shoes; and that he was knitting blue yarn stockings instead of wreathing roses: and he had no crook at all, but only a thick club of a stick, and an ugly big dog.

Well, we will give up shepherds. I do not suppose any of our American countrymen could be contented to sit all day and watch sheep.—There must be some other way for *our* sheep-keeping. To be sure, if Yankees would be shepherds, they might whittle sticks all the time.

I feel pre-disposed to love this youthful Mary. I have questioned mamma about her, but she is not very communicative; wishing, as usual, to give me an agreeable surprise. I learn, however, that Mary is a blonde. I wish I was one. I have always regretted my dark hair and eyes. Still it is customary in novels and pictures of two fair friends or two loving sisters to be of opposite complexions. One of them is dark-haired and energetic; the other light haired and mild. And yet, Lucinda, do you not recollect that Ella Roseby, the worst imp in school, had flaxen locks and sky-blue eyes.

I like to imagine this cottage Mary as one of those lovely things with fawn-like steps; and hearts swelling up in fountains of sweetness; and rosy smiles; and ringing laughs and peach bloom cheeks; and golden hair gushing down their swan-like necks; and dewy, violet eyes, or else large strange ones. Well—well—I shall know her to-morrow.

I must lay down my pen and commence the direful task of packing for removal. Oh, this work-day world.

* * * * *

I was up this morning two hours before the first bell, to accustom myself to rising with the earliest blush of dawn, as soon as I commence life in a cottage. I looked out of my window, and saw the Jumperville stage start from the door of the hotel; and the grocer's boy opposite opening the shop-windows. Then the shoemaker opened his, and then the tailor. Why must there be shoemakers! Why tailors! I know they are necessary evils. But then their trades are so unpicturesque. They spoil the beauties of the rising day. Finding nothing to do when up (my packing having been finished last evening) I went to bed again. But as I was too much excited to sleep, I re-rose; and early as it was, commenced what are truly called the labors of the toilet. Fortunately in the cottage the simplest costume will suffice.—"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free."

* * * * *

We went to breakfast; and sat down (the last time I hope till next summer) to a long table set out with tea and coffee, and steaks and sausages, and oysters and omelets, and hot rolls. To-morrow morning I expect to banquet on honey and fruit and cream, (the cream bowl decked with flowers,) and little delicious cakes of some sort, white as if made of snow.

* * * * *

We have arrived at the cottage—the cottage of the Batson family. I am now sitting in my own room, and as the weather is too warm to do anything else, I will take the interval between this and dinner time to proceed with my journal. You will like to know my first impressions; but I flatter myself that first impressions are often deceptive. *Nous verrons.*

The cottage is very small. But so a *real* cottage ought to be. Its height is one story and a half. Its tint is of a quite dark brown diversified with blackish streaks. The boards of which it is constructed have never been disguised by gaudy paint. I stipulated with mamma that we were not to have a white cottage—a glaring thing with green door and green shutters. The roof is very sloping; and continues to slope till it becomes also a roof for the front porch. I did not see much moss about it; but a blanket was sunning up it; and a bolster and pillow lay out of the garret window. The porch roof is supported by four pillars (commonly called posts) with a hop-vine running over them. I would rather it were an eglantine, or a woodbine, or a jessamine. Hops are doubtless useful; but the leaves are so tattery, and dusty looking, and the blossoms so remind one of beer. The windows of the cottage are few and far between, and differ very much in size and shape. This is rather an advantage, for if regular, they might look too stiff. I wish, however, they were latrices with diamond shaped panes, like the cottages in drawing books and satin-pieces. But I fear such windows are not to be expected in America, any more than straw roofs. A strange thing protruded out from one side of the house (the side at which was the kitchen chimney.) It looked like the small domes in the panorama of Jerusalem. I found it to be a clay oven. I must tell you that the front of the cottage is shaded by a large mulberry tree (think of Shakspeare,) and that a stream runs behind it. The garden is at one side, and the rest of the domain is a weedy yard with a chicken coop and a pump. I wish the pump was a well; or still rather a spring gushing from a rock. I had promised myself the delight of drawing water from the spring; but there is no pleasure in pumping.

As we approached the cottage, we saw glimpses of several persons gliding about; but when we stopped at the door there was not a human being to be seen. We alighted from the carriage. Our driver deposited our baggage in the porch, mamma paid him, and he drove off. We then entered the dwelling of rural felicity. I had read of cottages where "green rushes were strewed on the floor," but here we found that species of domestic carpet vulgarly called a rag-rug. There were not even rush-chairs; but six tail narrow red-painted wooden ones. The window was not curtained with roses, but with green and yellow wall-paper. Near it hung a colored print representing a man in a black cap, and a blue coat with red cuffs, galloping violently on a reddish horse, over a verdigris ground.

The inscription beneath was "Jersey Blue."

Presently there came and took her seat in a hard high painful-looking, entire wooden rocking chair, a thin, sun-parched little girl, about nine or ten years old, dressed in a tight, narrow, brown silk frock (I fear it was made out of an old skirt) trimmed with a scanty flounce. This dress made her look very hot, for it was high in the neck, and had long tight sleeves. Beneath it appeared pantaletts of large cross-barred white muslin, frilled with the same, very much blued, and starched stiff. Round her neck was pinned a dingy many colored plaid silk handkerchief. Her yellow hair was platted very hard and strong, and tied about with a faded blue guaze ribbon. Stretching out both hands so as to rest them on the arms of the chair, she commenced rocking with all her might; steadfastly gazing at us in silence. She had really very large eyes, but I could not decide on their expression.

"What is your name, my dear!"—said I.

You know, dear Lucinda, I am generally amiable to children.

"Sally Ann Batson"—was the reply.

"Will you be my little friend!"—said I approaching her.

"Yes, if you'll give me three levies and a fip"—replied the child.

"Why that sum exactly!"—inquired mamma, with a smile.

"Because, it would buy me some artificials for my bonnet, just like Susan Brown's.

"Would not fresh-blooming flowers'—said I—"be more becoming to rural innocence!"

"Is it me you call a ruly innocent!"—said Miss Sally Ann Batson. "That's talking as if I was a baby."

"Would you not prefer beautiful real flowers!"—said I.

"No—not if you mean righty-dighty flowers. I wouldn't be seen with such things in my bonnet. No, no—artificials is all the go. And three levies and a fip will buy me just such a bunch as Susan Brown's. They have them down at the store."

I immediately took out my purse, and gave her a half-dollar. Instead of flying to me wild with gratitude, and devouring my hand with kisses, she reached out for the money without leaving her seat.

"I see you've plenty more in your purse"—said she—"I'd like you to give me a quarter-dollar besides, to buy a finger-ring. They have beautiful ones at the store, all shiny like gold, with a sort of bright big diamonds in them as red as fire."

"Will a quarter-dollar really make you very happy!"—said I, giving her one.

"Only middling. I cannot be very happy without a pair of white kid gloves, to wear when I go to church."

What a rapacious little thing! I began to be disappointed in the cottage child; and mamma made a sign to me to give her nothing more.

Just then appeared our hostess, Mrs. Batson, dressed in the ugliest mousseline de laine I ever saw, and a cap overloaded with coarse cotton lace, and red-lilac gauze ribbon. She is a tall, thin, bony woman—very faded, but perhaps more through work than age. I thought there was a peculiar expression in her eyes, but I cannot now say of what sort. I shall study her character. I think it is communicative; for she immediately told us (what we knew before) that she had been left a widow with two children, (having lost seven,) and that finding the farm too much for a lone woman to manage, she had rented it out to David Wheatley till her son Stephen came of age, and that its owner in the meantime was working with David Wheatley, and learning, so as to be ready to take his own place when he was twenty-one; as David was then going to move out west. So meanwhile she and her family lived here upon the rent; and had beside, their own garden-truck, and pigs, and chickens; and also a cow that picked up a good living along the road-side, and in the woods. With all a mother's laudable pride, Mrs. Batson then proceeded to inform us that Stephen was counted very likely, (meaning that he was considered handsome) and that it was thought he might have his pick of all the girls in the neighborhood.

Next, Mrs. Batson informed us that she had living with her, an orphan neice named Mary Brent, who being her sister's daughter, she had brought up; and that Mary was a very useful girl, helping with all the housework; so that Sally Ann, being weakly, could be spared doing anything. I felt sorry to hear that Mary helped with the housework; the idea is not agreeable. Her hands cannot possibly be white and delicate.

Mamma then proposed adjourning to our rooms, and expressed a desire to have our baggage carried up, as it still remained in the porch.

"We han't got no man or boy about the house"—said Mrs. Batson. "I forgot to tell you when we were bargaining, that I keep no help—that is, no hired help. Stephen stays mostly at Dave Wheatley's. If he was here he'd take up your things for you in a minute. Sally Ann, dear, won't you step over to black Jack's; and tell him to come here and carry up some trunks for these women. There's a family of free negers living just back of the lot"—she continued, in explanation—"and we can get any of them to come and do jobs whenever we are at a none-plush."

Sally Ann, after some hesitation, departed, and in a short time returned with black Jack, who carried up the baggage for us, and mamma paid him liberally. He was very thankful, pulled his front hair, scraped his foot, and said—"I give you great applause, ma'am. The ladies will please to 'member that whenever they wants anything fotched or carried, or any arrants done, I'm the man what they're to look up to.

Mamma went to her room, and Sally Ann followed me into mine; and stood over me while I was unpacking my chief trunk; inspecting its contents, and asking me all sorts of questions about them. I had to recollect that this must be perfectly natural in an unsophistical child, brought up in a cottage; particularly when she combed her front hair with my dressing comb, and was proceeding to rub her teeth with my tooth-brush, which I luckily snatched from her before it was too late.

"What's the matter!"—she exclaimed, indignantly. "What harm shall I do to your tooth-brush!"

I then explained to her that a tooth-brush could only be used by one person.

"Well, if ever I heard the like!"—said she.

I began to fear that the cottage child might be too unsophisticated; and yet I have a misgiving that in some things she is very cunning.

"Oh, what a pretty fan"—said she, taking up my last new, and flirting it open. "It looks quite scrumptious when I fan with it. I expect it's the one you carry to church. Won't you make me a present of it!"

"I think a plainer one would be more suitable to a little girl like you"—replied I.

"Oh, not a bit! I hate plain things. Let me keep this!"—and, fanning herself violently, she broke it at the important place where fans always break. "There"—said she, laying it down—"I don't want it now. Broken fans ain't no use."

I was much vexed—particularly as the fan was a very elegant one, and given to me by my dear Aunt Millington, on my last birthday. I wish I had left it in town.

"Don't look so cross" said Sally Ann. "I'll be bound you've plenty of money to buy another. Oh! what a pretty ribbon—and what a pretty bow to it. It will just do for me"—twining it round her very perspiring neck. "You'll give it me, won't you! You know you said you wanted me to be your friend."

I gave her the ribbon, and tried to think her excusable

After she had fingered everything she saw me unpack, and asked for several more articles that she fancied, (to which requests I made no reply,) I summoned courage to say to her—"Now, my dear Sally Ann, will you oblige me by going down stairs. I wish to be alone till dinner-time."

La! would'nt you rather have me to keep you company! *I* hate to be alone."

"No"—I replied—"I am going to write."

"Who are you going to write to!"

"Never mind—I really wish you to leave me."

"I'll go, if you'll promise to let me read the letter before you send it off. I've had plenty of schooling, and I can read writing very well, if it's writ plain. I always like to read people's letters, and so does *mamma*"—(what a word for mamma or mother!)

I now began to lose all patience. "Sally Ann"—said I—"I must insist on being alone."

"So then"—said she—"you think my room's better than my company."

"Go down"—I replied, in a peremptory tone.

She then flung out of the room and ran down stairs. As the doors were all open, I heard her say to her mother—"Mumma, one of the strange women (the *young* woman) has been aggravating me. She han't got a bit of manners. She won't let me stay in her room. And she's mean besides; for she wouldn't give me nothing but this ribbon."

Her mother's answer was in a suppressed voice, so that I could'nt distinguish the words, but I did not at all like the tone; and warm as my room is, I went and shut the door.

I must lay down my pen, for I hear Mrs. Batson calling from the foot of the stairs—"Come down to dinner, will you!"

* * * * *

*Entre nous*, Lucinda, the dinner was anything but inviting, and not at all like the cottage fare I had read of. There was a dish of fried salt pork floating in fat, and another of what our hostess called "frizzled beef." These viands were too much alike, and neither of them looked tempting. There were some tough ill-drained greenish beans; and some very purple beets.

"Our potatoes isn't fit to dig yet"—said Mrs. Batson. "They were planted late; and it's a great waste to take them up small. So we mostly does without potatoes in summer time, when we've plenty of other truck."

The dinner introduced us to her niece Mary. Now Mary is really a very mild, gentle-looking girl with a white skin and auburn hair. I looked at her hands, and found them truly large and red—poor thing. Lucinda, let us in future be skeptical as to the lily hands of cottage girls. She partly sat at table, and partly waited on it; wiping the knives and forks when they were to be changed; and when it was wanted, cutting thin slices of bread from off a loaf that was brown to be sure, but rather sour than sweet.

"I never has my dinner-bread cut afore hand"—said Mrs. Batson—"because all that's cut mightn't be ate; and that would be a waste; and it's wicked to waste bread—or to take more of anything than we can eat."

Tumblers seemed scarce, and Sally Ann and her mother drank out of the same, replenished from a brown pitcher that stood on the table. After the meal was despatched, Mary brought in a dish of old yellow boiled corn, at the sight of which Sally Ann testified much joy; and Mrs. Batson was greatly surprised when mamma and I declined eating any.

"Not eat corn!"—she exclaimed. "Well, if ever I heard the like! Why where could you have been raised! I had a great lot of it boiled, thinking you'd make the chief of your dinner off it."

"Never mind, mamma"—said Sally Ann—there'll be the more for them that likes it."

The corn was smoking hot, so as to burn fingers and mouths. Each of the family took an ear, and after a slight buttering began to blow it, to make it a little cooler. And Sally Ann seized two more ears in advance, and plunged them into the pitcher of water, addressing them with—"There now, do *you* stay there and get cool by the time I'm ready for you."

Of course, we drank no more water. I never saw anything eaten with such apparent enjoyment as this unwholesome corn. Even the quiet Mary opened her lips and said—"I love corn."

"As for me"—said Sally Ann—"I could munch it from morning till night. I always have the biggest heap of cobs on *my* plate by the time dinner is over."

The repast finished with a very sour apple-pie baked in a very tough crust, and a small pitcher of very blue milk to eat with it.

"I have always heard"—said Mrs. Batson—"that townspeople think a great deal of pie and milk when they get into the country."

Lucinda, I have not described my room to you. The ceiling of course is "villanous low." It is a very small apartment with only one window; the sash propped up with an old hearth-brush that must have belonged to the parlor, for there are no chimneys in the chambers. This window is shaded (or rather *unshaded*) by a muslin curtain, so thin that it does no manner of good. To be sure the bed is not of straw. On the contrary it is of feathers, and looks distressingly soft for a summer couch. And there is a heavy patchwork quilt that I shall certainly remove before I seek the sweet oblivion of repose. I intend to sit up very late to make the night shorter, for I mistrust its agreeability. There is no closet or press; so after partially unpacking, I had to put my things into an ill-made bureau, whose drawers will neither open nor shut—at least not without Herculean exertion. I think I shall have to hire black Jack to stay here and attend this bureau.

Mamma's room is no better than mine. She makes not the smallest comment on any of these *desagremens*. I suppose for fear of discouraging me.

* * * * *

We were summoned to tea. I know not whether the tea was black or green, for it had neither taste nor color. There was no "cream bowl duly set." The cream was in a little jug that held about a jill, and Mrs. Batson doled it out in drops, as if she was dropping medicine. There were some tough short cakes baked white, a plate of white cheese, and a saucer of black things that I afterwards found were quartered quinces. Mamma and I tried to pretend to eat and drink, but found it severe work. Towards the close of the repast, Mrs. Batson said to us—"And now, good folks, if you've done with your sassers, just hand them to me, and I'll wash them off in the slop bowl and give you some preserves on them. Mary, get me a cloth to wipe with."

Mary rose, and produced a towel; the saucers were washed and wiped, and two bits of quince were served out on each. The "preserves" were so hard as to be scarcely eatable or indeed biteable, and very sour beside.

When tea was over, we went out, and walked round the domain, and sat in the porch. I picked up some of the mulberries that strewed the ground beneath the great tree: looking as they did, like short red worms. But I did not admire their taste more than their looks. Now that I have had experience in mulberries, I wish Shakspeare had planted a better sort of tree.

I tried to enter into conversation with Mary, but could get nothing out of her. It may be timidity, and perhaps will wear off. I will hope for the best.

It was scarcely twilight when Mrs. Batson informed us that it was time for all good people to be in bed; and that in summer evenings she never lighted no candle down stairs, as it brought in the musquitoes.

"Mary"—said she—"I suppose these women are pretty tired, and I am sure all the rest of us is—Sally Ann's been asleep in the rocking-chair this half-hour. So get a candle to light them to bed.—The mother can use the candle first, and the daughter can wait till *she* has done with it, and then take it in her own room; and she'll please to set it out at her door before she gets into bed, and then *you* can have it."

A small thin, yellowish candle standing loosely in a large socket of a tall iron candlestick was to do all this duty. I looked imploringly at mamma, so that she said—"Mrs. Batson, I will thank you to let us have a second candle. My daughter must at once have a light to herself."

"Well—if ever!"—exclaimed Mrs. Batson. "It's terrible to see how girls is indulged now. Go, Mary—if it must be so, get another candle for *the young lady*. I suppose a small bit will do."

By that bit of candle I am writing to my dear Lucinda. It is now sinking and flickering in the socket. But the moon has risen, and by her silver light that shines directly in at my window, I can see to prepare for bed. There is after all something sweet and mid in going to bed by moonlight.

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It is now morning, and gladly have I welcomed the first beams of dawn light, for I slept but little. I took off the patchwork quilt. I detest all patchwork, even that which is called ornamental and covers fashionable chairs. I found my apprehensions of the feather bed being too soft, were not realized. For the feathers were so few, that as soon as compressed by my lying down, the bed sank flat into a little more than a sewed up ticking, through which I felt the sacking-bottom and the cords and wooden pins. The bolster and pillow also sunk flat in the same manner.

* * * * *

We have been at breakfast. Alas! for the anticipated cream, and fruit, and honey. We had a drab-colored liquid miscalled coffee, sweetened with grayish-brown sugar, a salt mackerel, (which was untouched except by the family,) a plate of green cucumber pickles that we willingly left to Sally Ann and Mary, and a violently salted and smoky Indian cake; with the remains of the brownish loaf to be cut as it was wanted.

I never supposed, Lucinda, that I should become fastidious about my food; or is it that I have never before experienced the annoyance of being expected to eat things that were unviting and unpalatable! It is evident that people who are "to the manner born" have no perception of ill tasted victuals—at least in their own houses.

* * * * *

Three days have now dragged slowly on, and I candidly acknowledge to my dear Lucinda that I have grown quite tired of life in a cottage—at least in the Batson cottage. Sally Ann follows me about every where, and teazes me for all manner of things. There is no offence in Mary, the ever silent Mary. But mild and gentle as she looks, I saw her yesterday chasing a fowl all about the yard, till she had fairly run it down; and when she had caught it, she brought it to the back door, laid its head on a stone that serves for a step, and Sally Ann brought her a knife and stood by laughing while Mary cut off the head of the poor squawking, fluttering bird. I covered my eyes with my hands, but I *know* she cut it off. Though it was the only fowl that had been on the table since we came here, I could not touch it at dinner.

Stephen I did not see till yesterday evening, when he came home to make a short visit. He has rather a handsome face, but is very awkward, and has a sort of clownish conceit about him that is unprepossessing. Mary and he sat a long time together on the bench at the far end of the porch. To my utter surprise I found that the quiet Mary, when Stephen was with her, could talk fast enough—oh! so foolishly!

It is true that when I am in company with Stanford Lenox I always find myself more loquacious than usual: but then I take care to talk my very best. Poor Mary—the best she can say, is rather worse than nothing. Yet Stephen seems to like it, I prophesy a match. I have no desire, however, to stay here to see.

* * * * *

Joy! joy! my darling Lucinda. Mamma has just been into my room to ask me if I have had quite enough of the present specimen of cottage life. "Quite"—was my reply; and I gladly assured her that I was perfectly willing (nay, very anxious) to return to our hotel at Laureltown. Anticipating this, she had already sent for a conveyance thither; and I shall immediately proceed to packing up as fast as possible.

* * * * *

Dear Lucinda, we are again at Mr. Kindman's delightful establishment. Next week we go to meet papa. When the carriage set us down at the door, I ran up the steps as if treading on air. How charming to find ourselves again in handsome rooms, with plenty of servants in attendance, and everything *comme il faut*.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time here"—said Mrs. Batson, after mamma had paid her for a full week, and at a price that would have been extravagant in a genteel and comfortable house. "I did not know it was such a nice thing to take city people to board. Now I've begun, I shall stick to it. So if any of your friends should be coming this way, of course you'll give them a recommend to my house. Are you soon going back to town?"

"Next week,"—replied mamma.

"Well then—I am going to town myself before the winter sets in, to take Sally Ann. So I guess we'll come and see you; and maybe while we stay, we'll make our home with you. What's your direction.

"We expect to remove to a new house, after papa comes home"—said I.

"Never mind"—said Sally Ann—"I guess we'll find you out wherever you be. Won't we, mumma!"

Is there never to be an end of the Batson cottage? [Ladies Book for November.

## WHY NOT REQUIRE POSTAGE IN ADVANCE?

We notice that many of our Massachusetts Postmasters are resigning and giving place to new managers. This must be expected. No honest man can afford to take charge of a country post office under the present laws. Postmasters are required to take charge of all the newspapers that are sent a distance of 30 miles without a farthing of compensation. Their labors are incressed and their fees diminished.

Farther still, the postmasters are now forbidden to frank a letter, and are insulted by a suggestion that they may abuse the franking privilege if they should have such power; while members of Congress allow themselves to send by mail shirts, handkerchiefs, stockings, and all manner of dirty things—including electioneering pamphlets without charge, and even without the trouble of mailing the articles themselves.

Postmasters perform more labor for a shilling than some members of Congress do for eight dollars—and they have not the privilege of franking a single letter even though it relates to the business of the office.—They cannot forward money to the publisher of a paper that is taken at their office.

The heaps of dead letters, &c. left to rot at Washington show how the present system operates. Will not members of Congress look to this matter. Why not require prepayment of all matter that is sent by mail?

Look at the following expose:—

[Correspondence of the Portland Argus.]

## DEAD-LETTER OFFICE—AGAIN.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1846.

For once in my life I may say I have been lucky. You have heard of the Dead-Letter Office in the Post-Office Department? Yes, I know you visited it, and furnished to all the world (for I believe all the papers copied your article) a highly interesting account of it, and its operations last winter. Well, I, too, have been to the dead-letter office, and as good fortune would have it, happened there just in the right time. Zounds! what bags and piles of letters! Enough, one would think, to communicate all the intelligence—mercantile, commercial and political—and all the love—rational, enthusiastic and nonsensical—in this great country for a whole year. And yet, these are only the dead letters for one quarter of an year! No wonder it takes three faithful old gentlemen nearly all their time just to open them; and if you saw them at work, you would readily grant they are not slow hands at the business.

But come, let us go into Mr. O'Brien's room—the superintendent having charge of the valuable part of the concern—whom you have so justly complimented for his obliging and gentlemanly deportment. As before remarked, we are here just in the right time; for he is about to overhaul a mass of things, which have been accumulating here for years, in order to dispose of the worthless, and make room for future arrivals. Here he is, now, busily engaged.

Well—*if* here is n't a pair of checkered pants, nice, new and clean; and there, in another bundle, are two pairs of gloves and eight pairs of stockings, all the way from Connecticut, through the mail! No, not from Connecticut, but evidently from a long way off, for the direction is so much defaced that I cannot make it out. Who knows but these are clothes franked home by some economical member of Congress to be washed, which, in their return, have unfortunately wandered away into the dead-letter office! Nothing more likely; for it is said in years gone by members have resorted to this plan to save themselves from being entirely fleeced by the boarding-house washerwoman of the place.

And what have we here! A package of combs and razors, as I am alive! A very natural *comb*-ination, to be sure; albeit, the person addressed would have been pretty essentially *shaved*, had he not refused the package—thus avoiding the payment of a heavy postage.

Murder! Here's a man's head! Poh! no, it is n't either; it's only a *wig*. Postage, one dollar and eight cents. Who 'll take it!

And now we come to something valuable—no mistake. See! the bundle is sealed up with great care, and the postage is twelve dollars and fifty-eight cents. Let us open and examine. What a hoax! Nothing in the world but a dozen old newspapers!

But here is something fine, for I can see the gilt through the wrapper, which has already been broken. Yes; two beautifully bound volumes—the one entitled "Common Prayer," and the other, "Proper Lessons to be read at morning and evening prayer." A present, as this little note, which reads, "with love from your affectionate wife," plainly shows. Postage, nine dollars.

And here are two volumes more, equally splendid; but they are "all Dutch" to me, for they are printed in German. These, too, are evidently presents. Let us see, though, if we cannot decipher the address. Oh yes—one is from a faithful son, and the other from an affectionate daughter, to their dear mother. Now, this looks well. Those children love their mother and are kind to her. What a pity she could not have received those handsome tokens of their affection—but the postage—$13 12 1-2—it may be, prevented it.

Nor is this all in the book line. On my word, look at the number of volumes in those pigeon-holes! And see, too, what piles of music! Why, "Uncle Sam" has almost stock enough on hand—for it will never be called for here—to open a book and music store. Here are Bibles, annuals and other books, bound in the richest style. "Wright's English Grammar," among the rest, appears in gilt and morocco; here is "Sears's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible;" and there is a neat little volume, entitled "Endemic Influence of Evil Government." And what is this! Here is a small package, never opened, resembling a book—and a book it is—a duodecimo, done up in red morocco. "Washington's Valedictory Address" is the title of this little volume, on the front leaf of which is written, "Daniel Cobb, Jr., Portland, 1818." But enough of Books.

What next! A pair of Indian moccassins, postage $2 50. Two silver watches—whose are they? A box of straw braid for bonnets, postage ten times its value. A closely sealed bundle of Quito newspapers—burn them. Tailors' plates of the "*latest* fashions," four years old—give them to the children. Five or six enormous deeds, beautifully executed on parchment, from old England; and dry goods in any quantity.

But stop; here is another package securely sealed up, that also looks like a book Remove the wrapper and see. Yes—"Campbell's Poems"—and what else, think you? A miniature, set in a gold locket—the leaves of the book being cut exactly in a form to receive it, thus leaving it embedded in the volume, as snugly as the toad in the granite. It is addressed to a lady, care of postmaster, New York.

And what's here! Another bundle, never opened, and marked "refused;" postage two dollars and seventy-five cents. Oh, meanness! An old dirty stocking, done up and addressed to some one, no doubt, with the vain expectation of satisfying a longing desire for petty revenge. Puppy! you have entirely failed this time; try again.

Halloo! here's a theatrical robe, all trimmed off with "glittering gold and diamonds!" Let's try it on.

Well, now, if this is n't the last thing to send by mail—a pair of stout iron bits! Wonder if they were intended for the "reins of government?"

But what have we come to here? A manuscript pamphlet of one hundred pages and over, the postage on which is $4 25. "Scrapiana Poetica, or Pieces Sentimental and Satirical, hastily composed on board a man-of-war, by ——— ———; 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'" So says the author. But let us look inside. Ah, "Old Ironsides" is the "man-of-war," on which our poet tunes his harp; he should not, therefore, write otherwise than well, that is certain.

And now let us take leave of the dead-letter office and its "cabinet of curiosities." You have already seen and informed your readers of the contents of the iron chest in which are deposited the money, as it comes to hand,—the watch chains, bracelets, breast-pins, finger-rings, almost innumerable, necklaces, pencil cases, gold-lockets, rosaries, and various other things, "too numerous to particularize." The good money and other valuable articles, where they exceed a dollar's worth, are, as your readers already know, returned to their owners, if rightful owners can be found; and found they will be by Mr. O'Brien, if any man living can do it—rest assured of that.

There are, however, several thousand dollars on hand, or deposited in bank, which from time to time have accumulated, and for which no owners can be ascertained. The average amount of genuine money received is somewhere from $50 to $60 a day, the year round. And, my! what lots of counterfeit bills! suffered by their worthy proprietors to go to the dead-letter office, lest, in calling for them, they might be detected and locked up in a strong-box, themselves.

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LOVE AND LAW. An unfortunate girl of New York lately pursued the ingrate who, after having obtained her affection, refused to keep the promise of marriage made to her. The young man, in defence, alleged some unique facts in their kind. The couple were to marry last Easter Sunday; but some weeks before the blissful day, the future bridegroom became enamored of another young person, and wishing to break in an honorable manner, in fine, as a gentleman, the bonds that held him, he offered to her who had first charmed him a *douceur* of $10, on condition that he should be liberated from his promise. This consoling *douceur* was accepted; but when the term of payment arrived, the debtor showed himself a second time unfaithful to his engagements. This was too much; so the outraged beauty applied to a lawyer to obtain the $10 in question. The man of law, with the sagacity of those whose honorable profession is to defend the widow and orphan, thought that the loss of a husband was not compensated by $10, and in place of commencing action for this sum, instituted one for a breach of promise of marriage. The jury gave the young lady $50 damages and interest. This sum will be nearly sufficient to pay the lawyer's fee. [Courrier des Etats.

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MAKING MOUTHS. It is rather important to ladies to know how to place their little lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c. A London Gazette suggests that when a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should just before entering the room say *Besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, *Brush*, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth look small and pretty, she must say, *Flip*, but if the mouth be already too small and need enlarging, she must say, *Cabbage*. Perhaps a due attention to these rules might be useful to all persons intending to submit to the modern process of Daguerreotype portraiture.

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TEMPERANCE IN FOREIGN NAVIES. An extract from a letter in a late London paper, gives the glad intelligence that the Temperance Society is having great influence over the sailors of the navy of Sweden and Norway. Out of the 444 men forming the crews of the Norwegian frigate the Freea, and the Swedish sloop the Nordsternen, which have just left Christians for the Mediterranean, 302, that is more than two-thirds of them, have desired to receive rations of tea or coffee instead of brandy.

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ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY. As Mr. William T. Merrifield, of this village was on his way home about half a mile this side of Worcester on Wednesday night last, his horse was seized and stopped by a man who informed him that he could not drive that horse any farther, as he wanted the animal for his own use. Mr. Merrifield however, had the address to clear his horse from the grasp of the ruffian and escaped. Just as he drove off he saw another man coming up, whether to assist himself or the robber he did not stop to ascertain. [Lancaster Courier.

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RICHES OF THE WEST. During the week ending on Saturday last, there were delivered from the State Canals at tide water 196,104 bbls of Flour, 211,105 bushels Wheat, 34,857 do. Corn, 92,302 do. Barley, 781 bbls. Beef, 768 do. Pork, 734 do. Ashes, 218,000 lbs. Lard, 3,058,600 do. Butter, and 4,254,900 do. Cheese; of the gross value of Two Millions Two Hundred Thousand Dollars. [Albany Argus.

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RAILROAD ACCIDENT. The downward train to this city upon the Concord N. H. Railroad, came in contact with a steer, just after it left Manchester, Friday afternoon. The locomotive, tender and several cars were thrown from the track and damaged, but no person was injured.

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Messrs. Lamson, of Shelburne Falls, snath makers, have made a donation of $5000 to the Academy in that village, on condition that $5000 more be raised in a given time, to be invested as a permanent fund. Most of the second $5000 has been raised.

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TEXAS. The election for members of Congress in Texas took place on the 2d inst. The Galveston News of the 10th, says that Judge Pilsbury will carry all, or nearly all, the counties in the Western district, and is sure of re-election.

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By the losses of fishermen in Marblehead, the past season, 24 women have become widows, and 74 children fatherless.

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ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. A sergeant of the Life Guards, very vain, but possessed of much b